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THE LITERARY WEEK

LAST Saturday's banquet showed how large is the host of Mr. Frederick Greenwood's friends—how many the men who regard him as their discoverer or "inventor." Perhaps one of the secrets of his popularity has been his readiness to sit down and write a letter with his own hand even to strangers who offered him unacceptable communications. Many of the rejected who have since "arrived" treasure his autograph as their first piece of evidence that editors were actually looking out for good things, and did actually read the manuscripts that came to them with an unfamiliar image and superscription. The writer of this note is one who does so. Long ago Mr. Greenwood returned to him a set of verses which his own maturer judgment recognises as worthless; but he was, in his own handwriting, "sorry," and that removed the sting.

Perhaps "the editor as letter-writer" would be a good subject for a "causerie." Not only individuals but newspapers have their distinctive styles. There is the *Times* style, for instance, belonging to no individual, but handed on from one editorial secretary to another—a grand style, suggesting the exchange of despatches between rival potentates, and causing the recipient to wonder that his correspondent does not go one step further, and address him as "Dear Cousin." The *Standard*, for a long time, adopted the same style—but in "oratio obliqua." At the *Saint James' Gazette* office, Mr. Greenwood established a style which was imitated and developed by two of his subordinates—Mr. Sidney Low, and the late H. D. Traill.

In the case of H. D. Traill, however, one difficulty was always arising. He refused to have his letters copied; and none of his colleagues ever knew exactly what he had written to anybody. Occasionally, therefore, a contribution which he had solicited with flattering unctio got returned to the puzzled contributor with a printed form, and another four-page letter, full of compliments, had to be written to clear the matter up. Even these misunderstandings, however, were preferable to the practice of the editor of whom Besant somewhere relates that his method of signifying his rejection of a proffered manuscript was to scrawl across the front page the cabalistic letters "u.b.d."

To return, however, to Mr. Greenwood: There never was an editor, except W. E. Henley, who gave so much pains as he did to the altering, cutting, and polishing of other people's work. As a rule he re-wrote their prose; and occasionally, as one of his contributors mentioned at the dinner, he re-wrote their poetry. It speaks volumes for the respect entertained for an editor's judgment when contributors of ability put up with that sort of thing. In the case of Mr. Greenwood, they not only put up with it,

but regarded his correction of their "copy" as a part of education. We have heard one of the most eminent journalists of the present day relate that when, in the days of his youth, he was writing for Mr. Greenwood, he used to walk about the streets for hours composing sentences with the true epigrammatic ring. For no other editor, he added, did he ever think it worth while to take that trouble.

In answer to a question asked in the House of Commons, Mr. Akers Douglas declined not only to introduce a Copyright Bill for the prevention of musical piracy, but also to secure facilities for any private Bill which might be introduced, dealing with the matter. Such a Bill, he said, "must take its chance with other Bills, very likely of much greater importance." To some extent our comments on this response must be restricted by the fact that the ACADEMY is not a political paper; but strong observations of a non-political character may fairly be made. The chief of them is to the effect that it is deplorable that any decision affecting artistic property should rest with any one so indifferent to artistic interests as the Home Secretary shows himself to be.

The present condition of the law relating to Musical Copyright is nothing less than iniquitous. Any one may pirate anything, and sell it openly in the streets—taking no other risk than that of the confiscation of the copies found in his possession, if the owner of the copyright takes proceedings against him. If shoplifters were allowed to practise their nefarious industry, provided that they restored any goods which they were caught carrying away, the parallel would be almost exact; Mr. Akers Douglas would doubtless be the first to hurry through an Act of Parliament altering such a condition of affairs. Because the property that is being daily stolen is only artistic property, he considers that other Bills are "very likely of much greater importance" than this one, drafted in the interest of common honesty. One wonders what sort of a mind a man can have who talks like that.

The new Headmaster of Eton is not unknown to the literary world. Some lectures that he delivered at Reading on religious subjects have been published, as well as some notes on the gospel of St. Mark and a preface to an English grammar. But his more important works may be divided into two classes, those in which he deals with boys in their relation to the family and those on purely scholastic subjects. To the first belong "Mothers and Sons" in which such varied problems as school religion, the "Tuck Shop" or the size of collars are treated in an easy, simple style. In "Training of the young in the laws of sex," the former Headmaster of Haileybury has made a courageous attempt to grapple with a knotty problem of no small importance.

With regard to subjects that are purely scholastic mention should be made of "Principles and Practice" which appeared in "Thirteen Essays on Education." In this he deals with the relations that exist between schoolmasters, the public, and educational theorists. In another essay on "Compulsory Greek" he points out that the substitution of history, geography and English for Greek is perhaps all that the advocates of culture can hope to obtain, should there be an alliance between the faddists, who want, say, Icelandic taught, and the worldlings, who are never tired of insisting that boys must "get on." "Are we to go on with Latin Verses?" is "an attempt to estimate the value of Latin versification by means of an analysis of its educational effects."

Glancing over publishers' advertisements the casual reader may have sometimes wondered what, if any, is the difference between an "impression" and an "edition." General uncertainty clearly exists on this matter, as may

be inferred from a recommendation made at the last general meeting of the Publishers' Association. It was then agreed that an "impression" should signify "a number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new 'impression.' On the other hand an 'edition' should mean an impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset." A "re-issue," again, is defined as "a republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market." Publishers are advised by the Association to adhere to these definitions in their catalogues; and it would certainly conduce to greater clearness if those who talk and write about books would follow suit.

"Arcady in Troy" is the title of a little, thin, precious-looking volume that a day or two since blushed shyly in upon us from the far side of the Atlantic. Intoxicated with the gentle comeliness of its exterior, and the fragrance of its superscription, we brought trembling fingers to the holding of it. Here, we said to ourselves, is some delicate, rare thing, some exotic from a land, where, amid the rush and roar of commerce, the fields of literature find no lack of loving hands to till them—a voice from some innermost corner of the brain of a people which would give its soul could Shakespeare's cottage be bought and conveyed bodily to its midst. So we mused, and musing, visected its pages with a paper-knife. And lo! the bitterest disappointment in a life of disappointment—for such, in truth, is the critic's life. We hoped for some sweet, sad story of young loves. We looked to be able to cry with Faustus:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

And we got the veriest piece of vain-glorious bookmaking! This Troy is not the Troy of Homer and of our dreams. It is that Troy which is situate in the state of the Union that appears usually in type as "N.Y." Arcady is the back-garden of a residence in Second Street. The matter is three newspaper articles—two of them not even passably well written—reprinted verbatim from the *Troy Times*, the *Troy Record*, and the *Budget*, and dealing in the florescent verbiage of the junior reporting room with the cultivation of wild flowers in a city garden.

Let it not be supposed that we are by way of sneering at the cultivation of wild flowers in a city garden, nor that we regard that as too mean a subject for a book. Nothing could be farther from our thoughts. The cultivation of wild flowers deserves every manner of encouragement—every manner, that is, which does not clash with the art of making books. And "Arcady in Troy" does clash with it. It is issued under the supervision, ostensibly, of the owner of the garden, who signs with his initials a prefatory "Note." That, excepting an excellent quotation at the end, from Sydney Smith, is the extent of his editing. The rest, as we have said, is word for word reprinting. The book begins, for instance, thus: "The June number of 'Country Life in America,' which is the leading periodical of its kind in this country, contains an article by the Hon. George B. Warren of this city on cultivating wild flowers in a city garden." Follow certain bombastic tributes to the "refined taste" of Mr. Warren (the owner of the garden), and several instances of the worst sort of interviewing in existence—the kind in which the interviewer puts his own purely journalistic and wholly unnatural expressions into the mouth of the interviewed. Now, in a newspaper that sort of thing is bad enough, but in a book—a thing of binding and numbered pages—it is technically wrong; and it is so technically wrong that even the person who is least concerned with the stage-craft of literature can hardly come upon it without a sense of irritation. Let us by all means have a book about the cultivation of wild flowers, a book which shall tell the dweller in towns (as this book does not) how to make

friends with nature, but may heaven save us from the paltry vanities of one who is drunk with the joy of seeing himself in print.

A correspondent writes: The dramatic critics have been almost unanimous in their praise of Mr. Irving's Hamlet for its naturalness, its absence of pose and affectation, and indeed this is one of its most welcome and effective qualities. It is the more to be regretted that when so many of the bad old conventions of Shakespearean acting have been cast aside, one particularly irritating should be retained. I mean the mispronunciation of the word "my." The tragic actor of the old School, of course, never condescended to call it anything but "mē," "Mē heart!" "Mē sword!" "Mē prophetic soul, mē Uncle!" and the rest of it. But with a Hamlet of the new School, a Hamlet who holds the mirror up to nature, who has thrown over the old tricks and approaches the part simply and sincerely, surely this trick should have gone with the rest? "Mē" for "My" is now a vulgarism. It has no place in the cultivated speech of to-day and it is high time it disappeared from the actor's stock-in-trade.

We have received news of the formation of a society for the reproduction of the drawings of the Masters of the Renaissance. The circular of "The Vasari Society," as it is to be called, ascribes the neglect of the study of drawings in England very largely to the absence of any proper organisation for their reproduction in a form accessible to persons of moderate means. It is the object of the Vasari Society to remove this disability. For a subscription of £1 1s. (5 dollars, 21 marks, 26 francs) the Society proposes to furnish as many drawings as its funds—in other words, the number of its subscribers—will allow it to publish. In return for the first year's subscription the committee calculate that they will be able to issue at least twenty reproductions in collotype, a means by which a very large number of drawings can be reproduced without the loss of any important quality.

The field to be covered is described as the Renaissance, interpreted in a wide sense, and, of course, not confined to Italy. It is intended to make a beginning with drawings preserved in British collections, since there is in this country an enormous wealth of drawings, a comparatively small number of which have been reproduced in a form accessible to students. The reproductions will be executed by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and accompanied in each case by a brief critical note, discussing the attribution of the drawing and mentioning the more important literature relating to it. They will be suitable either for binding or for keeping in portfolios. The paper is to be 18 inches by 15 inches, and the size of the originals will be adhered to in all cases, except in that of drawings exceeding 12 inches by 10 inches.

The first year's issue is to include drawings in the British Museum by the following masters:—Pisanello, Jacopo Bellini, Piero di Cosimo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Mantegna, Pontormo, Veronese, Timoteo Viti, Guardì, Lucas van Leyden, Hans Holbein I. and II., Ambrosius Holbein, and Rubens. The Chairman of the Society is Mr. Sidney Colvin and the Honorary Secretary, to whom requests for information, suggestions as to the selection of drawings, and subscriptions should be sent, is Mr. G. F. Hill, 10 Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, S.W.

The poem "Ricordi," by Mr. Laurence Binyon, which appears in our columns to-day, coincident with a review of his new book "Penthesilea," is taken from a number of lyrics which are to appear in volume form on or about May 1. The book is to be called "Dream-come-true," and is to be published by Mr. Lucien Pissarro at his Eragny Press. Since the lamented close of the Kelmscott Press

and the Vale Press of Messrs. Hacon and Ricketts, Mr. Pissarro's press occupies a unique position, and his little volumes are eagerly snapped up by collectors.

One of the highest honours ever bestowed by the Italian Government upon a foreigner has just been granted to Professor Charles Eliot Norton by King Victor Emmanuel. Professor Norton, who is perhaps best known in England as the friend and biographer of Ruskin, has been made a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his distinguished services in translating Dante's works into the English language, and for his studies in Italian art and history. Two other Harvard graduates, the late Mr. William Wetmore Story and Mr. William R. Thayer, were some years ago made Knights of the Order of which Professor Norton has just become a Grand Officer.

A notable event for Scotland was the opening of the new sculpture gallery at Aberdeen on Saturday, primarily due to the efforts of Mr. James Murray of Glenburnie Park, Aberdeen. Every care has been taken to make this gallery worthy of the ideals of its promoters, and the collection of casts illustrative of the history of sculpture cannot probably be equalled in England outside London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Mr. Murray, whose enthusiasm cannot be too highly praised, had the advantage of the services of Mr. Robert F. Martin of South Kensington, and, we may add, the good sense to give Mr. Martin a free hand, subject to the occasional advice and opinion of Sir George Reid, R.S.A. The exhibition is, in fact, a practical argument for the "one man" system of administration—when the one man is a good man.

A *propos* of our recent note on the identity of the characters in *Madame Bovary*, a writer in the *Globe* suggests that further information on this branch of the subject would be interesting. A letter giving very full particulars, written by M. Robert Duquesne, has been published in the *Mercur de France*. M. Duquesne interviewed the wife of the original of the conductor of the *diligence* in the novel:

"The woman guessed what we wanted, and greeted us with:
 "'Ah!' (clapping her old withered hands). 'You've come to talk about this Flaubert. Please don't speak of him to my husband. That always makes him angry.'
 "'So we had no need to explain, and she politely gave us the information which we sought.
 "'Yes, he used to fetch Madame Bovary's novels from Rouen for her. That was what turned the poor woman's head.'
 "'Emma, in fact, has left very definite recollections in the country, where all the residents of the period *devoured* the novel, reading between the lines, putting the dots on the i's and the names to the portraits, and supplementing them from their independent knowledge.
 "'An old neighbour of Madame Bovary tells me the following story, which occurred when she was quite young: 'Emma, one week-day, without rhyme or reason, dressed up her little girl in her Sunday best—in sailor costume, as was the fashion of the time. She also had on her own best dress, and the two went out together.
 "'You are going to a party, no doubt,' asked the neighbour, much impressed, 'as you are not in your week-day clothes?'
 "'Emma drew herself up.
 "'Madame,' she said, 'you should really know that I am not an ordinary every-day woman.'
 "'The same neighbour told me that Madame Bovary was extraordinarily beautiful.
 "'Quite like a wax doll,' she put it."

The editor of the *Mercur de France* adds the information that the little girl of the novel, Berthe Bovary, who married a pharmaceutical chemist at Rouen, has just died.

These stories are not only the evidence of a revival of interest in Flaubert. He has also been made the subject of a thesis for a degree in medicine by Dr. Felix Dumesnil, who writes of the novelist, not from the literary but from the pathological point of view. In particular he combats the general belief that Flaubert was an epileptic. This story, he says, was spread by Maxime Ducamp, out

of malice, when the two had quarrelled. The truth he holds to have been that Flaubert was a full-blooded person who took no exercise, and who died of apoplexy at the age of fifty-eight, as a full-blooded person who took no exercise might be expected to do. He adds—what is interesting—that Flaubert, that enemy of the bourgeois, had himself many bourgeois traits: "Like his father, and probably like his father's fathers for many generations, he spent thirty years in one room, engaged in hard and most methodical work." There certainly the bourgeois heredity told.

Both the *Mercur de France* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have been reviving the love-story of Lamartine. One thinks of him usually as the man who crushed the Red party at the Revolution of 1848, with an epigram: "Le tricolore a fait le tour du monde; votre drapeau rouge n'a fait que le tour du Champs de Mars." But, at an earlier date, he was known as "the lover of Elvire," and was once even so designated at a session of the Academy of Letters. Elvire was, it seems, a Madame Charles, the wife of a physician, whose acquaintance Lamartine made at Aix-les-Bains, where they were both sojourning for their health, in another physician's house. His room was next to hers. They "cured" together on the balcony, and rowed together on the lake. The finest lines in "Les méditations" derive their inspiration from those meetings.

It was a love-story, however, which came to a sad end. Elvire was consumptive, and grew worse. She was very religious, and, with death in sight, the feeling grew that it was very wicked of her (in spite of the fact that her husband was a savant old enough to be her father) to let her heart go out to the young poet. She refused to see him, and in December 1817 he heard of her death. "For three days and three nights," we read, "he wandered, like a madman, in the woods of the neighbourhood." Then he returned to Milly, and there wrote the immortal stanzas on the crucifix which his mistress had been clasping to her bosom when she died. Her real name was Julie, and when Lamartine married, he called his daughter after her. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* prints her letters; and, in the *Mercur de France*, M. Léon Séché relates all that is discoverable about her family history.

The students of Paris have been amusing themselves by persistently hissing one of their professors at the Sorbonne. It is interesting to recall that the same annoyance has previously troubled two professors of the highest literary eminence. One of them was Sainte-Beuve, whose imperialistic sympathies made him "persona ingratisima" with Republican youth. His remarks on Virgil were drowned by the uproar, and he had to resign his chair. Nor was that all. Though bold as a critic, Sainte-Beuve was a timorous creature in private life; and for weeks after the demonstration he never walked abroad in the streets of Paris without carrying a dagger hidden in his sleeve for his protection against an assault which he believed to be contemplated upon his person.

The other hissed professor was no less a person than M. Brunetière. His offence was that he had severely criticised the works of Zola. The students at that date preferred Zola's novels to M. Brunetière's essays, and they therefore laid themselves out to make things unpleasant for the essayist. He held his ground, however, with the support of the Minister of Education and the Prefect of Police. Student opinion gradually veered round under the influence of the Dreyfus case, and it was the novelist's turn to be "conspewed."

Next week being Holy Week, the ACADEMY will be published on Thursday, April 20, instead of Friday, April 21.

LITERATURE

MR. BINYON'S NEW POEM

Penthesilea. A Poem by LAURENCE BINYON. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. LAURENCE BINYON is one of the most cultivated and the least flamboyant of our younger poets. His work is marked by a finish, a reticence, and a thoughtfulness that are rare distinctions at the present moment. It certainly does not contain many jewels five words long, nor can we imagine that at any time it will become, as Gray's *Elegy* has become, a storehouse of stock quotations. Exacting criticism would, perhaps, say that Mr. Binyon lacks just that vital touch of fire and enthusiasm that turns out the glowing and immortal phrase. His aim would rather seem to be at a dead level of excellence, where every word has been carefully chosen, every line moulded and pruned with that capacity for taking pains that is said to be in itself genius. He has in the present volume chosen a subject that is picturesque, and is eminently suitable to his methods. The fable of the poem is given briefly at the beginning, and may be even more concisely stated here. *Penthesilea*, an Amazonian queen, having by misfortune killed her own sister, resolves to lead her troops to Troy, there to throw away her life in battle with the victorious Achilles. She is received by the sorrowful Priam, who begins by doubting her success, but is at length almost persuaded by her enthusiasm. *Andromache* at first supposes her a goddess, but on finding out that she is a woman, leaps to the conclusion that love of Achilles has brought her. Explanations are offered and taken and the two women become fast friends. *Penthesilea* finds Achilles eventually in the ranks of the Greeks and is killed by him. Such, leaving out the details, is the story that Mr. Binyon unfolds in this poem. In the making of it he suffers somewhat from the certainty that only one end is possible for his heroine, and in this way he loses any charm of the unexpected that otherwise he might have gained. But the beauty of his workmanship consists mostly in the pictorial quality of the writing. This note is struck in the very first lines of the poem, where the city of Priam and Hector is thus described:

"Dark in the noonday, dark as solemn pines,
A circle of dark towers above the plain,
Troy sat bereaved."

Hector is dead, and the dirges of women sound through the streets of Troy. Sentinels stand idly on the towers, in despair at the loss of their hero: altogether one is made to feel the hopelessness of Troy, and, while the poet is as it were gravitating in this sentiment, the Amazons arrive.

"Now thronging heads appeared
Beneath the temple steps; and they beheld
Framed in the wide porch men and women pass,
And over them, proceeding proud and fair,
Like goddesses indeed, a wondrous troop
That glorified the sunlight as they rode
With easy hips bestriding their tall steeds,
Whose necks shone as they turned this way and that,
Bold riders on bold horses; light mail-coats
They wore upon loose tunics, over which
Where to the throat the stormy bosom swelled
A virgin shoulder gleamed."

Among them is *Penthesilea*, "queenlier than the rest, with steadfast eyes superb." She seeks out Priam, who at first is almost incredulous of her mission.

"What hast thou said? Abuse not these old ears.
Thou know'st that I have suffered—who art thou?
A woman! Art a woman, and wouldst lift
Thy hand against Achilles? Never hand
Of man prevailed against him yet, and thou
A woman made to bear and suckle babes,—
'A woman,' she broke in, 'but not as those
Who spin at home and blench to see a sword.
Penthesilea am I called, and am

An Amazon, and Amazons I rule.
They call me queen; but I like them was reared
To suffer and to dare; my body bathed
In cold Thermodon can outpace his speed;
And I have slain the lion in his lair,
Yea, and have fought with men and have prevailed."

It is no wonder that *Andromache* has taken this splendid woman for a goddess, and she seeks her when they all retire for the night. The Amazon is thus pictured:

"*Penthesilea* sat beside the bed
Whereon her coat of mail, now laid aside,
Shone keenly crumpled into glittering folds
Next the smooth texture of a coverlet
Embroidered in dim Indian town with shapes
Of golden lions thronged by suns and stars;
A Tyrian rug was soft to her bare feet
When kneeling by her side Harmothoe
Had loosed their sandal-thongs, and bathed them both
In warm clear water from a brazen bowl."

She who had been Hector's wife passionately addresses the supposed goddess:

"O Goddess, help! Ah, surely thou art come
From heaven to avenge me, for the gods in heaven
Loved Hector well; thou hast a woman's shape
But mov'st not like a woman, no, nor look'st.
O certify my heart, my wounded heart,
Fill me, for I am empty; turn again
The water of life into this stony bed
Where my days used to run. I am alone.
Reveal thyself, if to none else, to me."

The interview between the two women is very spirited, though it would be unfair to make any comparison between the *Andromache* of this poem and the *Andromache* of the *Iliad*, the superb and immortal picture of womanhood that Homer drew with a few touches of his pencil. Perhaps the best passage here is that in which *Penthesilea* repels with scorn the allegation that some romantic passion has brought her into Troy.

"Love, love! Think you I have been wont to bathe
My body in snow-brooks to temper it
True as a sword-blade, slept on forest leaves,
Raced the wild colts to break them, chased the deer,
The lion even, seen the red blood spirt
Of men into whose murderous eyes I looked
And did not quail, think you that such as I
Have hung my life's joy on another's smile,
Pining with fancies such as in close walls
You women fill slow days with feeding on,
Who lie upon soft couches and dream dreams?"

Needless to say *Andromache* believes her, and in new-born confidence *Penthesilea* relates the sad story which accounts for all she has done. Naturally enough the Greeks receive the intelligence that women are going to fight them with mockery, which Mr. Binyon renders fairly well, though not with inextinguishable laughter.

"Greek challenged Greek to hurling of the quoit,
To wrestle and race; not a sole trumpet rang.
For Troy since Hector's slaying kept her gates
Fast-barred, nor sent her files forth to the war.
So now the battle-weary Greeks prepared
Their meal beside the trenches, eased at heart,
When single scouts came running from the plain:
'Arm, arm!' they cried, 'for Troy will fight to-day,
The Amazons are come to succour them.'
Then sportful laughter leapt from mouth to mouth
Among the gay-eyed youth, mocking to hear,
And one to another shot a mirthful word.
'The hawk is dead, the twittering swallows come
To harry us! We will go garlanded
To battle and will hale these women home.'"

The battle itself fluctuates, and the Amazons appear to be getting the better of the Greeks, which of course was a literary necessity if the valour of Achilles were to be thrown into relief. He does appear at last, however, and at once changes the fortunes of the battle, which in it has many incidents that at least recall the Homeric style. As for example the death of Antandra—

"Black-haired Antandra there, forced with the rout,
Strove ever like a raging lioness
To turn on her pursuers; on the bank
She stayed her horse, and some Thessalian youth,

Stung by her beauty, caught her by the belt
And dragged her from the saddle; she, so spent,
Let fall the axe from her dead-weary arms,
But with sobbed breath caught him so desperately
That both together in a blind embrace
Fell plunging in the shallows, rolled among
Marsh-marigolds; she thrust upon his face
Under the water, laughed and strove to rise,
When even then a javelin bit her breast
And clove her through; so died Antandra."

But fate is not to be evaded; Penthesilea and Achilles meet at last. And it says something for Mr. Binyon's skill that the Greek hero kills the woman without exciting more than a moderate amount of dislike on the reader's part. Nothing could have made the action fine or noble, and even the falling in love with the woman, at the end, scarcely reconciles us to it. On the other hand the battle of sex is cunningly intermingled with the clash of arms, and the poem carries the reader on to the end. There is something, however, not quite satisfactory in the climax, and it might be quite worth the consideration of Mr. Binyon whether it were not possible to obtain his catastrophe by means less open and obvious.

A ROLLING STONE

Tracks of a Rolling Stone. By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE.
(Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

It is no small thing to the credit of a book of reminiscences that one should be able to read it without a sense either of tantalisation or of satiety. Diarists and writers of autobiography seldom strike, as Mr. Coke has done here, the pleasant mean between too much and too little. He has so selected and condensed the incidents and memories of a remarkably busy life that very few indeed of his pages are uninteresting. He has come into intimate contact with a great number of men and women whose names count for something in the world's estimation, and of that number there are not many of whom he is unable to give a picture which biographers can ill afford to neglect. Too many writers of memoirs hurry you past the scenery of their lives as the train from Spezia to Genoa hurries you past those glimpses, through windows in the rocky tunnel, of the Mediterranean. Your feeling is one of longing to get out and see more.

Mr. Coke is not of this category. Many of the personal sketches he gives are necessarily small, but they are almost invariably touched in with a very nice sense of the essential detail. Most of them have, moreover, the charm of individuality—that presentment of the subject in relation to the writer which should distinguish the eye-witness from the delver among historical papers. He presents to us Captain Marryat, in the midst of his family circle, spinning with an imperturbable sedateness impossible yarns which grow more and more preposterous as he notes his listener's credulity. He tells how he called upon Leighton in Rome, and found him on his knees, diffident and almost desponding, rolling and buttering, preparatory to sending it to the Academy, his Cimabue procession—the picture which was accepted, and bought by Prince Albert before the Exhibition opened. He shows us Garibaldi, dressed in a red flannel shirt, among the chosen ones of society, and Bulwer-Lytton sauntering apart, envying the Italian hero the obsequious reverence paid to his miner's costume. He paints for us in a very few words a portrait of Sir Richard Burton, which convinces one of the inevitability of the most incredible adventures that befell him. He shows us Tennyson—not only Tennyson the poet, but Tennyson the smoker—whose matutinal indulgence in tobacco inspired Sir William Harcourt's remark on "the earliest pipe of half-awakened bards." Mr. Coke was with George Cayley in the latter's rooms in Parliament Street.

"One night after dinner quite late, we were building castles amidst tobacco clouds, when, following a 'May I come in?' Tennyson made his appearance. This was the first time I had ever met him. We gave him the only armchair in the room; and pulling

out his duden and placing a foot on each side of the hob of the old-fashioned little grate, he made himself comfortable before he said another word. He then began to talk of pipes and tobacco. And never, I should say, did this important topic afford so much ingenious conversation before. We discussed the relative merits of all the tobaccos in the world—of moist tobacco and dry tobacco, of old tobacco and new tobacco, of clay pipes and wooden pipes and meerschaum pipes. What was the best way to colour them, the advantages of colouring them, the beauty of the 'culotte,' the coolness it gave to the smoke, &c. We listened to the venerable sage—he was then forty-three and we only five or six and twenty—as we should have listened to a Homer or an Aristotle, and he thoroughly enjoyed our appreciation of his jokes."

But one could cite and quote indefinitely. Mr. Coke's experience of men and things ranges from the Emperor of the French, with whom he spent a week at Compiègne, to Heenan and Tom Sayers, whose last fight he witnessed; from Prince Esterhazy, whose diamonds attracted attention at Queen Victoria's coronation, to the conjurer who invented the "Mysterious Lady" illusion at the Egyptian Hall; from a children's ball at St. James's Palace, where he received a sugar-plum from King William IV. and asked questions about Queen Adelaide in very audible stage-whispers, to the public garrotting of a murderer in Havana, or a lynching in Marysville, on the Sacramento River.

On the day the peace was signed after the Franco-German War he called with Sir Anthony Rothschild on his brother Lionel, the head of the firm:

"He took no notice of his brother, but received me as Napoleon received the emperors and kings at Erfurt—in other words, as he would have received his slippers from his valet, or as he did receive the telegrams which were handed to him at the rate of about one a minute."

"The King of Kings was in difficulties with a little slip of black sticking-plaster. The thought of Gumpelino's Hyacinthos, *alias* Hirsch, flashed upon me. Behold! the mighty Baron Nathan come to life again; but instead of Hyacinthos paring his mightiness's *Hühneraugen*, he himself, in paring his own nails, had contrived to cut his finger."

"Come to buy Spanish?" he asked, with eyes intent upon the sticking-plaster.

"Oh no," said I, "I've no money to gamble with."

"Hasn't Lord Leicester bought Spanish?"—never looking off the sticking-plaster, nor taking the smallest notice of the telegrams.

"Not that I know of. Are they good things?"

"I don't know; some people think so."

"Here a message was handed in, and something was whispered in his ear."

"Very well, put it down."

"From Paris?" said Sir Anthony, guessing perhaps at its contents.

"But not until the plaster was comfortably adjusted did Plutus read the message. He smiled and pushed it over to me. It was the terms of peace, and the German bill of costs."

"£200,000,000!" I exclaimed. "That's a heavy reckoning. Will France ever be able to pay it?"

"Pay it? Yes. If it had been twice as much!" And Plutus returned to his sticking-plaster. That was of real importance."

Not the least interesting thing in the book is a side-light on Thackeray's methods. At the end of 1849 Mr. Coke went to the West Indies in company with Lord Durham and one Andrew Arcedeckne, a mutual friend and member of the old Garrick, then but a small club in Covent Garden. Arcedeckne, pronounced Archdeacon, and abbreviated to Archy, "was about five feet three inches, round as a cask, with a small singularly round face and head, closely cropped hair, and large soft eyes—in a word, so like a seal, that he was as often called Phoca as Archy." And Phoca is no other than Mr. Harry Foker, of "Pendennis."

"Would you like to hear him talk? Here is a specimen in his best manner. Surely it must have been taken down by a shorthand writer, or a phonograph:

"Mr. Harry Foker, *loquitur*: 'He inquired for Rincer and the cold in his nose, told Mrs. Rincer a riddle, asked Miss Rincer when she would be prepared to marry him, and paid his compliments to Miss Brett, another young lady in the bar, all in a minute of time, and with a liveliness and facetiousness which set all these young ladies in a giggle. 'Have a drop, Pen: it's recommended by the faculty, &c. Give the young one a glass, R., and score it up to yours truly.'"

"I fancy the great man who recorded these words was more afraid of Mr. Harry Phoca than of any other man in the Garrick Club—possibly for the reason that honest Harry was not the least bit afraid of him. The shy, the proud, the sensitive satirist would steal silently into the room, avoiding notice as though he wished

himself invisible. Phoca would be warming his back at the fire, and calling for a glass of 'Foker's own.' Seeing the giant enter, he would advance a step or two, with a couple of extended fingers, and exclaim, quite affably, 'Ha! Mr. Thackery! literary cove! Glad to see you, sir. How's Major Dobbings?' and likely enough would turn to the waiter, and bid him, 'Give this gent a glass of the same, and score it up to yours truly!' We have his biographer's word for it that he would have winked at the Duke of Wellington, with just as little scruple.

*"Yes, Andrew Arcedeckne was the original of Harry Foker; and from the cut of his clothes to his family connection, and to the comicality, the simplicity, the sweetness of temper (though hardly doing justice to the loveliness of the little man), the famous caricature fits him to a T."

It is scarcely the part of a critic to sit in judgment on the manner of such books as this. The matter is everything. They stand or fall purely on the question of interest, and it is enough to say that by that test this book stands firm. But Mr. Coke published his first book of reminiscences some fifty years ago, and it is entertaining to note the development of his ideas. The style which irritated the early Victorian reviewers when he issued a little account of his doings in Vienna in 1848—irritated them because they looked for a political treatise, and got instead a delightful personal record—has become matured without losing any of its freshness and charm. Mr. Coke tells a somewhat blunt narrative with vigour and humour. His anecdotes are related with no mincing squeamishness. His moralisings and criticisms, where they occur, are direct and outspoken. They are a combination of blows straight from the shoulder, and blows straight from the head—the result, one may guess, of a naval training tempered by the leisure of a cultured man. That is the kind of material that makes a good book.

A MODERN UTOPIA

A Modern Utopia. By H. G. WELLS. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. WELLS has the gift of making his philosophical, or rather sociological, speculations of absorbing interest to the general reader. His literary imagination, which was born in him, works on the positive, scientific education to which his mind was subjected at its most receptive period, and the rare combination gives to his writings a peculiar distinction. Perhaps it is this which causes him to be better appreciated on the Continent, and especially in France, where he has had the honour of appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, than by his own countrymen. The English public, it is to be feared, prefer Jules Verne, whose method of utilising scientific facts and scientific possibilities it would be interesting to compare at length with Mr. Wells' method. But that would be too long an inquiry; it must be enough here to point out that M. Verne did not really try to go down into the heart of things, his aim being merely the immediate excitement and amusement of the reader. Mr. Wells' reverence for science is beyond all comparison greater. In his romances, quite as much as in what he calls his sociological essays—"Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," and this present work—the reader is made to feel the vital importance of science to every conceivable human relation. M. Verne was extraordinarily skilful in merging scientific fact into scientific fiction, so that the lay reader could not tell where the one ended and the other began; but the incidents narrated do not matter to any one except the characters in the story. Mr. Wells would never have overwhelmed Captain Nemo and his submarine ship; he would have shown us a world in which people travelled under the sea or up to the moon with as much unconcern as they do now by underground railway. It may be urged that M. Verne appealed to a wider public, but it is plain that Mr. Wells is not less anxious that what he has to say should reach as many people as possible, as is shown by the mere fact that it is presented always in six-shilling novel form, and not, as would have been the case a generation ago, in a heavy and expensive quarto, which would have been read only by specialists.

"A Modern Utopia" is, he says, in all probability the

last of his sociological essays. It has grown naturally out of the two earlier works, in which the treatment of social organisation was purely objective. It has brought him back to his art or trade—he does not care which you call it—of an imaginative writer, a writer who tries to present an ideal which is both possible and more desirable than the world in which we live. It is said of some of George Meredith's works—notably of "Diana of the Crossways"—that the first chapter should be read last, and that it can only so be understood. Mr. Wells has adopted the converse of this; it is his last chapter, called an appendix, which should in our opinion be read first, for it furnishes a most illuminating statement of the writer's whole attitude towards metaphysical speculation. This appendix consists of the principal portions of a paper read to the Oxford Philosophical Society some eighteen months ago, which was afterwards published in *Mind*. It is amusing to reflect upon the consternation which this bombshell must have caused in those academic groves where the school of *Literæ Humaniores* is still venerated. How many promising "firsts" Mr. Wells was the means of reducing to the ruck of the third class is a matter between himself and his conscience; certainly the paper is a most disturbing one to

"the wretch who collates
"His 'Republic' and Mill;
"Who dreams of the *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι*,
"And wakes to discourse of the Will."

The interesting autobiographical passages in which he shows how he approached logic and metaphysics over what he calls the bracing upland of comparative anatomy, prepare us for his frank rejection of the objective reality of classification. His conception of evolution, his conviction of the vagueness and instability of biological species, naturally led him to reject the fixed genera and species of the logicians, and by consequence all the elaborate syllogistic superstructure which has been raised upon such classification. And so he came to regard number, definition, class, and abstract form as regrettable conditions of mental activity rather than as essential facts. He is entirely sceptical of the powers of the mind as the instrument of thought. He regards it as capable only of dealing with ideas by projecting them upon the same plane, a process which leads to an infinity of error. The molecular physicist whose mind is at the level of atoms, is in the presence of a universe which has none of the shapes or forms of our common life. What we call stable and solid is in that world a freely moving system of interlacing centres of force; and what we call colour and sound is there no more than a varying length of vibration.

All this brings us to Mr. Wells' intense conception of the uniqueness of individuals. Nothing is fixed, everything is a little link in a vast chain of evolution, of perpetual modification, adaptation, perhaps degeneration. In his "Utopia" it is profoundly interesting to see how widely he has departed from the Utopia-makers of the past. Perhaps the most essentially modern note is struck in his conception of it as a world-State using a universal language. This is, of course, the necessary result of scientific progress and mechanical invention. We can no longer imagine a Utopia subject to invasion from outside, and confined within the limits of a little city-State of ancient Greece, or even within the limits of a large island or continent. Plato would have been unable to conceive the possibility of mechanical invention profoundly modifying social conditions: and in an interesting passage Mr. Wells shows us the great Greek philosophers as the necessary complement and corrective of our own abundance of machinery and deficiency of thought. Again, Mr. Wells' Utopia is kinetic, not static, as are those of his predecessors; not a permanent state, but a hopeful stage leading to a long ascent of stages. But it is, we feel, unnecessary to describe in detail the social arrangements, the manners and customs of this fascinating other world. Mr. Wells has chosen to present it through the medium of two vividly realised personalities, both Englishmen, of the middle class, and from this present twentieth century. One of them, indeed, has had an

unfortunate love-affair at Frogna! We prefer to send our readers to the book itself, which seems to us to mark an advance even on the high level of excellence which Mr. Wells had before attained. We have been particularly struck by the courage and breadth of mind with which he has grappled with some of the great outstanding difficulties confronting every one who essays to formulate an ideal State. His whole State is, of course, based upon the substitution, wherever possible, of mechanical for human labour, but naturally there remains a great deal which not even the most ingenious electrical contrivances can do, and his treatment of this labour problem, including, of course, the question of the distribution of labour, appears to us to be masterly.

The book is illustrated with some remarkable drawings by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, which have to our eye a curious reminiscence of Cruikshank—at any rate, the artist certainly deserves the warm tribute which Mr. Wells pays him in his prefatory note.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900. Tome I. De l'époque Latine à la Renaissance. Par FERDINAND BRUNOT. (Paris: Armand Colin, 15 f.)

It is no wonder that M. Gaston Paris—the best representative possessed by any country in Europe, for the last half-century, of that happy marriage of philology and literature which is so often turned into a disastrous divorce—should, when some years ago he had to notice M. Brunot's articles in the great co-operative "History" of M. Petit de Julleville, have expressed an ardent desire and hope that these articles might form the basis of a regular treatise on their subject. Many persons, of all degrees of competence below that supreme one which M. Paris had attained, must have been led by these articles, and by M. Brunot's equally admirable monograph on "La Doctrine de Malherbe" (Paris, 1891), to the same desire, which is now happily gratified or in process of gratification. The study of words in themselves, like the study of things in themselves, is, if not exactly a black art, one which is rather dangerous to meddle with. There is the left-hand Charybdis of sciolist pottering and the right-hand Scylla of pseudo-scientific aridity. The first in old days had more victims, the second has fattened at her sister's expense of late. But in M. Brunot we were pretty certain to find no prey of either: and our confidence is not deceived.

To say too absolutely *why* it is not would involve laying down general principles, a thing not to be risked in a short review. But we may say that in M. Brunot we find what is the only safe combination in such a book, a clear view of the subject in general together with a liberal and reasonable elasticity in particulars. If he is ever too peremptory on these latter—for instance, on the notion that actual Bas-Breton is not originally Gaulish, but Welsh, imported by fliers from the Saxon invasion—it is in the fringes of his subject where he follows others, not in the main body of it where he speaks for himself. He makes, of course, and could make, no compromise on the cardinal doctrine that "French is spoken Latin" but on almost every page, in reference to persons and things alike, there are to be found tokens of a sweet reasonableness too commonly absent in that extremely "arbitrary gent," the modern philologist. An admirable phrase in a note of M. Brunot's on p. 147, in which he says that his book "doit servir autant que possible à donner le sentiment de la transformation lente et continue telle qu'elle a lieu dans la réalité," expresses the effect which the pistolling ways of these gentlemen of the linguistic road make impossible.

Many incidental good things, such as the defence of Ménage—a person far too commonly slighted—result from the maintenance of this habit; but they are, of course, subsidiary to the exposition of the real subject. The First Book, on the characteristics of the "spoken Latin" itself—

that is to say, not the actual *lingua Romana*, but the stage between the last age of post-classical written Latin not yet quite "Low," and the *Romana*—is a model handling of a subject as to which every proposition has, so to say, to be a guess founded upon more or less evidence, but in which you must always make it easy for the reader to distinguish the evidence from the guess, and not, as is too commonly done, muddle them up as much as possible so that he may take the whole for evidence. There is necessarily less groping, less hand-and-knee work, when we come to the actual early texts; but M. Brunot, if he walks more confidently, does not walk any the less cautiously. And both here and everywhere there is a welcome abstention from the endless and disgusting effort to prove that all other guides are not to be trusted, which is usual. Knowing M. Brunot's work before, we had not much fear of stumbling on the too common demonstration or insinuation that all persons who have previously dealt with the subject are asses, and that if there is an *asinus*, *pulcher et fortissimus* in asinity before all others, it is Mr. So-and-so. But we can assure all readers that they need not be under any such fear at all.

Where all is good it is perhaps rather idle to single out parts for commendation; but a review which is merely general praise is not a very good compliment to the author, and perhaps not the most convincing proof of the reviewer's competence. The chapter on the first texts of French (especially, of course, the venerable and familiar Strasbourg Oaths) could hardly be better done; and both in it and in its neighbours M. Brunot not merely inculcates in principle but illustrates in practice that extreme and, we may almost say, treacherous *fluidity* of linguistic change which mere linguists are so apt to forget in constructing their grammars and lexicons. The same principle of cautious equity presides later over his handling of the dialects; and, at the close of the volume, over his account of the way in which the fifteenth century, wishing to classicise, really helped to barbarise the admirable language of the Middle Ages proper. But the best part of the whole volume, to our thinking, lies in the eighth and ninth chapters of the Second Book, which treat respectively of the linguistic value of this very language which we have just called admirable, and of the position and influence of French abroad. To the extraordinary richness of the vocabulary, beside which modern French, except for terms of science or terms of slang, is even since the Romantic movement rather poor, and before it was poor to beggarliness; to the significance of the separate pronunciation of forms now merged in speech even if distinguished in spelling; to the flexibility and liberty of the syntax; to all the other luxuriant amenities which were sacrificed to bring about the monotonous clearness and neatness of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—to these M. Brunot does justice after a fashion which is a joy to see. But it is not less of a joy to see, in reading the following chapter, that his enthusiasm for his subject has by no means induced that prejudice which so often comes in its train. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence and importance of French language and French literature in the Middle Ages as regards other literatures and other languages. Yet they have been exaggerated: and that by no ignorant or incompetent persons. It is all the more satisfactory to find a man of the competence of M. Brunot taking quite a different line. His account, for instance, of early Middle English, if corrigible in a very few minor points and perhaps amplifiable in a very few more, is on the whole absolutely sound and fair. And when we come to the phrase, "sa riche, on pourrait presque dire son incomparable, synonymie," we recognise yet another of those equitable perspicacities which distinguish M. Brunot so often and so honourably. For there have been critics of language, native as well as foreign, who have actually lamented the riches of English in this way, and have scornfully asked or regretfully panted for a hide-bound lexicon in which every word shall mean one, and only one, and only one narrowly defined thing; and no thing is to be

so impudent as to demand, no writer so licentious as to supply, a plurality of word-wives for each thing-husband, each possessed of slightly different qualities and attractions.

M. Brunot's next volume will be expected with particular interest. The history of the further changes, through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which resulted in "classical" French, is a subject which requires, in even a higher degree than the subject of the present volume, the qualities of knowledge, patience, and freedom from prejudice. And these, as we have seen, are exactly the qualities which he can bring to bear on it.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

TWO PSYCHOLOGISTS

Physiological Psychology. By W. McDougall, M.A., M.B. (The Temple Primers. Dent, 1s. net.)

The Logic of Human Character. By CHARLES J. WHITBY, B.A., M.D. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE two books, which well illustrate the vast range of psychology, since neither even impinges upon the subject-matter of the other, may be welcomed both for their own sakes, and because it is a pleasing sign of the times to find the science of mind passing into the hands of those whose education and training have led them to study those physical facts in which mind unquestionably, if inexplicably, inheres.

Mr. McDougall's tiny little volume, to which he has given the title of Wundt's masterpiece, is sufficient justification for his recent appointment to the Wilde Readership in Mental Philosophy at Oxford. It presents a clear account—somewhat marred, perhaps, by the author's methods in punctuation—of the elements of scientific psychology, and is thoroughly up to date, as is evidenced by the account of the recently discovered distinction between the functions of the rods and cones of the retina. Small and unambitious though it be, this book is worth more than the little space it would fill in the library of the student of mind. We suppose that it is well not to burden the reader of a primer with authors' names, but, on the other hand, we have repeatedly observed the educational value of attaching a personal interest to doctrines and researches. Mr. McDougall, however, has completely suppressed all references with the solitary exception, if we remember aright, of one to a paper of his own. But neither to this, nor to certain of his own speculations in the text does he attach any indication of their authorship. Such modesty is, we think, to be deprecated. Clearly to tell the reader that, on such and such points, the author is speaking for himself, unquestionably endows with saliency the individual and original portions of a book. We would merely maintain that whilst the personality of no author, be he a Plato, is of the slightest absolute importance, or has the remotest bearing on the truths which he enunciates—be they truths: yet in practice it is found that the love of personalities, which reveals itself in gossip, may be turned to excellent account in education.

From Mr. McDougall's solid and unadorned pages—"stodgy," we had nearly called them—we turned to Dr. Whitby's volume with the well-sounding but quite meaningless title. The table of contents further assured us that we were to be entertained. We quote the titles of two chapters: the others are like unto them. "Fifth or Transcendent Category. Individual Character. The Logic of Freedom. Sixth or Absolute Category. Universal Character. The Logic of Creation."

But the reader must not be deterred. In point of fact this book of Dr. Whitby's is very much out of the common. Its style is marked by a dignity and resource, rising at times to the heights, which must impart a singular distinction to the author's papers on hydrotherapeutics in the medical journals where these appear. Locke had a style unmatched for its fitness, Sir Thomas Browne did not know Latin for nothing, and Huxley, who could speak his mind,

had a medical degree likewise: but we did not suspect that a living English physician could write as Dr. Whitby does; whose thinks us unkind should spend sixpence on one of the leading medical journals. But this is a matter apart. Though Dr. Whitby's title and table of contents create the presumption that he has more manner than matter, he is indeed a deep and discerning student of character. We venture to say that he displays more real insight into human character in any one of his chapters than your boasted novelist in all his output. In truth, it is sorry trash that passes for psychology in current fiction: bearing much the same relation to the real thing that the ability to identify the moon bears to the knowledge of a Newton. But Dr. Whitby, when he writes of distinction, detachment, tenacity, wisdom, consistency, passion and their congeners, really illumines the matter. We have read this volume through twice, partly for the mere æsthetic pleasure afforded by the author's English, partly for its intellectual interest, and partly because of the pleasant taste it leaves in the mouth. We would suggest that the man who writes this book must surely find the compilation of papers on the use of mineral waters in lithæmia, let us say, rather a bore: but one never knows.

We notice that Dr. Whitby uses the term "ethology," and we wonder whether he is interested in the new Ethological Society, to which such distinguished men as Mr. George Meredith have lately lent their names. Hitherto we have remained unconvinced that this society is meeting the want which undoubtedly exists. There is still room, despite the existence of the Sociological Society, the folklorists and the psychologists, for true amateurs and lovers, like Dr. Whitby, to form a society which shall devote itself to the study of human character and conduct as known to-day. This society would probably not interest Mr. McDougall, who is, so to speak, engaged in the basement; nor the academic philosophers, who are ever trying to soar in a vacuum: but it would attract the many thoughtful folk who are interested in the purely subjective analysis of human conduct, which is the subject-matter of ethology proper. In this high and occult region of inquiry, Dr. Whitby's book would prove as sincere and competent a guide as any we know. Is not this good, for instance?

"Humility is by no means incompatible with self-respect, or even with pride: the vulgar conception of humility as a spirit of craven and abject self-depreciation betrays an entire misunderstanding of its true inwardness. And, in fact, to vulgarity as such, the nature of rational humility is in the last degree unintelligible; for whereas vulgarity is presumptuous, arrogant, self-deluded, fain to assume positions for which it possesses no real qualification, liable to the rebuffs which inevitably ensue—humility, on the contrary, is the sign-manual of true nobility of soul; and since it claims only what rightly pertains to it, and never disdains to justify its claim, can hardly be taken at a disadvantage. Humility is to character precisely what reticence is to art—the condition of all distinguished and adequate expression."

We have italicised what appears to us to be one of the many instances of the inner vision which adorns this modest book.

BY THE RIVER'S BRIM

An Angler's Hours. By H. T. SHERINGHAM. (Macmillan, 6s. net.)

A VOLUME composed of articles that have already appeared in magazines is not always what a book should be. Sometimes, if it be not a mere "miscellany," it begins afresh with every chapter. Then it is limp and tedious. When the theme is Angling the risk is great. In that sport there seems to be some quality prompting a man to write an exordium each time he takes pen in hand. Perhaps it is a feeling that those who do not fish are not to be expected, unless something is done to rouse them, to approach the subject in proper mood; perhaps a consciousness that it requires some genius to convey a vivid sense of the joys to be found on stream or lake. However this may be, Mr. Sheringham has to be complimented. He begins his work once only. He begins it well, too. "At the Dawn of

Day," in which an angler, seemingly one of the elders, is breakfasting in a weird old country-house two or three hours after midnight, is very attractive. One is glad that his basket is full when examined by the household at the usual morning meal. True, they are "coarse fish" only he has to show; but we have been much entertained by witnessing his capture of them. Mr. Sheringham, indeed, being a sportsman of catholic sensibilities, imparts a fresh interest to the less-esteemed fish. He is as happy when catching dace or roach or jack as when seeking trout on Exmoor or in the unnamed Midland brook. A three-pound chub caught in the Thames makes excellent play in a merry tale; and Old Billy, on the pike-pool, becomes an agreeable memory. Of course, the book is not flawless. Mr. Sheringham is not at his best when he is most ambitious. He makes a text of the lines,

"Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade;"

figures the shade as a grayling, finds the hope "in some danger of being left in its cradle permanently," and is otherwise tortuous and tiresome instead of achieving a success of ingenious fancy. Three things in one chapter are "gargantuan"; a fishing comrade, "indomitable" in almost every paragraph of another paper, made a bag which was almost "phenomenal"; and the perversity of human nature insists on "trying conclusions" with fate. Mr. Sheringham, who has good taste and an observant mind, will admit that these are lapses.

RICORDI

Of a tower, of a tower, white
In the warm Italian night,
Of a tower that shines and springs
I dream, and of our delight.

Of doves, of a hundred wings
Sweeping in sound that sings
Past our faces, and wide
Returning in tremulous rings:

Of a window on Arno side,
Sun-warm when the rain has dried
On the roofs, and from far below
The clear street-cries are cried:

Of a certain court we know,
And love's and sorrow's throe
In marbles of mighty limb,
And the beat of our hearts aglow:

Of water whispering dim
To a porphyry basin's rim;
Of flowers on a windy wall
Richly tossing, I dream.

And of white towns nestling small
Upon Apennine, with a tall
Tower in the sunset air
Sounding soft vesper-call:

And of golden morning bare
On Lucca roofs, and fair
Blue hills, and scent that shook
From blossoming chestnuts, where

Red ramparts overlook
Hot meadow and leafy nook,
Where girls with laughing cries
Beat clothes in a glittering brook:

And of magic-built skies
Upon still lagoons; and wise
Padua's pillared street
In the charm of a day that dies:

Of olive-shade in the heat,
And a lone, cool, rocky seat
On an island beach, and bright
Fresh ripples about our feet:

Of mountains in vast moon-light,
Of rivers' rushing flight,
Of gardens of green retreat
I dream, and of our delight.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

THE following verses with their accompanying "translation" by the same hand appeared last week in a well-known evening paper, and would seem to prove, even more conclusively than recent political events, the warmth of the relations existing between ourselves and our neighbours on the other side of the Channel.

Les cieux pleurent
Tendres larmes,
Les fleurs meurent
Toujours calmes.

Larmes aux yeux
Sont amères,
Les adieux
Dernières (sic).

Tears of life
Sheds the sky,
Free from strife
Flowers die.

Sorrow sends
Tears we weep,
Grief attends
Our last sleep.

The voice is ostensibly the voice of a Gallic Jacob, while the hand which penned these lines is unmistakably that of a British Esau.

Wisely judging that in moments of such friendly enthusiasm it is best to let the heart speak unrestrainedly, the writer disregards the irksome shackles of traditional French versification and pronunciation, ignores grammatical trammels, boldly alters genders to suit the exigencies of the rhyme, and in fact triumphantly demonstrates to the world at large that Britons, even when masquerading in French garb, "never, never will be slaves." The admiring reader's only cause for complaint will possibly be that the poem, like Mr. Weller's valentine, is too short. I therefore venture to subjoin an additional verse or two, adhering as closely as possible to the methods of the original. The "translation," undertaken in the same spirit, may be supposed to be the work of a French author bitten with the like enthusiasm, and following in his own way the notable example set him by the Saxon.

Oui, l'amour
La plus tendre
En un heure
Devra fondre.

Toute le charme
Doit finir—
C'est la palme
Du martyre.

Dolour's plough
True love's path
Has made rough—
Weep at that.

Grieves real
Here I vomit
Yet not all . . .
Some I omit.

Observe that the supposititious Frenchman adheres rigidly to the national pronunciation of the "th" and makes a dissyllable of the word "real." "To vomit," it will be noted, is far the most forcible dictionary equivalent for the verb "s'épancher."

All thinkers must perceive that this new development opens out wide vistas to the inhabitants of both countries. Remembering the old adage that they were created to be friends "parce qu'ils se tiennent par La Manche," the result of such closer hobnobbing as these recent indications seem to forecast will be varied and delightful. Some tender-hearted English "gun" may yet tearfully beseech his friends to spare a female hare in the words of the "Propriétaire," who thus set forth the sporting prospects of his estate:

"I have three hares," said he, "and two of them are at your service—Vous pouvez tuer Albert, vous pouvez tuer Victor, mais ne touchez pas à Mathilde, parce qu'elle est mère!"

Tom and Harry will perhaps embrace each other on both cheeks at railway stations, while Jacques and Pierre assume the kilt, each of the last-named being careful, like a certain cautious compatriot of theirs, to draw the stocking over the knee "à cause de ses caleçons." "Rosbif" and "plum-pounding" will no doubt figure more frequently than before on French tables, while frogs' legs and snails will lend an agreeable variety to our ordinary.

Some years ago Mr. J. M. Lely, in the pages of "The Author," recommended his country-folk to "english" various familiar dishes, and proposed, to begin with, that "Hors d'œuvres" should be translated into "Uncooked Morsels." Indeed, we have for long been accustomed to draw out our daily *ménu* in a somewhat curious travesty of the French language; as a result of the *Entente Cordiale*, let us imagine that the reverse state of things obtains, and set forth the future bill of fare of a French dinner. All Frenchmen with the literary instinct admire the Saxon element of our language more than such words as have a Latin origin, and therefore it seems to me that Mr. Lely's "Uncooked Morsels" might more profitably be rendered "Raw Bits." The word "Soufflé" is a stumbling-block, and is best represented by a kind of paraphrase, "inflation" being too bombastic, and "swelling" unpleasantly suggestive.

MÉNU. (Old style: obsolete.)	BILL OF FARE. (New style.)
Hors d'œuvres	Raw Bits.
Pot au Feu	Pot on the Fire
Purée de petits pois	Mash of little Peas
Bouchées aux Huîtres	Mouthfuls of Oysters
Chaud-froid de Saumon	Hot-cold of Salmon
Vol-au-vent de Volaille	Fowl Fly-to-Wind
Petits Filets mignons à la Maître d' Hôtel	"Ducky" little Fillets to the Butler
Noix de Veau à la Jardinière	Nut of Veal in the way of the Gardener's wife.
Pommes de terre sautées	Jumped Potatoes
Asperges en branches: Sauce Mousseline	Asparagus in branches: Muslin Sauce
Timbales de Fruits	Mugs of Fruit
Crème renversée	Turned-up Cream.
Petits Soufflés de Foie gras	Little Blow-outs of fat liver.

Such a meal as this, to be thoroughly appreciated, would no doubt have to be prepared by a *Chief* or a *Blue Cord*.

BULL-FROG.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR

EVERY man of woman born believes that, whatever other quality he may lack or possess, he is endowed with an unflinching judgment as to what is the proper object of laughter, what is really funny; but he is convinced that this unerring sense of humour is granted to very few indeed beside himself. Personally, I have frequently been told that I have no sense of humour, because I have always held (and been so injudicious as openly to express) the belief that every humorous tale should be susceptible of analysis, that it should be credible as a possible occurrence, and that it should not conflict with dramatic propriety. When quite a boy I was taken to task rather severely (I remember it still) by a reverend (and honourable) jester who related to me how a cobbler put over his door the motto "Mens sibi conscia recti," and how a rival artisan, not to be outdone, adorned his lintel with the legend "Men's and women's sibi conscia recti." I was injudicious enough to urge that the rival, who apparently thought the Latin words indicated some form of apparel (the joke herein lying), would not have advertised wares which he knew he had not for sale. The reverend anecdotist told me that to look

into a funny tale in that way displayed a lamentable want of the sense of humour, and that jokes "never went on all fours." I felt much humiliated at the time, but I have found myself since wholly unable to accept the reverend gentleman's point of view, and, having declared my dissent from it, have often incurred a similar censure spoken or implied.

Difference of opinion as to what is really funny is, as has been remarked by George Eliot, a great dissolvent of friendships, greater than those differences of view which separate Platonists from Aristotelians, Free Traders from Protectionists, even Protestants from Roman Catholics. I have been so formed by nature and perhaps by education that I am unable to welcome with laughter an example of the undeniable fact that in our tongue, as in others, a word has often more than one meaning. But we must not assume that those who seem tickled by that which appears to us to be almost sad, or certainly not laughable, are always feigning an amusement which they do not feel, lest they should seem dull or unappreciative. I am convinced that there are people who are convulsed at the reminder that *box* has several significations, and who think that a man is dull if he fails to accept a chance of saying: "I like it but it does not like me," or "Last not least." Then there are those who enjoy the Madison-Mortonian *genre*. Such an one, when his ace is trumped, will say, "May I be permitted by the favour of the chair briefly to ejaculate a monosyllable unmentionable to ears polite?" Those who feel, with Aristophanes, that such attempts at humour make one suddenly feel years older, are thought to lack a sense of humour. I am convinced that the spectacle of a man pursuing his hat which has been blown off his head touches in many a source of laughter which would not flow for the most ingenious quip in Aristophanes, Sheridan or Gilbert. Woe to the dullards who see in it only an embarrassing misadventure! Then, the *raconteurs* who tell long stories (in dialect) of the type of "How Tim Murphy done the gauger"—to many these are more tiresome than bimetalists, but to some they are *merum sal*. The good talker resents them most. "Of all the plagues" (I quote De Quincey from memory) "whom God in his inscrutable wisdom has allowed to exist and even to propagate their species, the worst is the professed story-teller." How he must have suffered when the conversation, in the phrase of another great table-talker, "fell into its anecdotage."

Even in the mind of one individual the sense of humour seems to undergo strange changes. It is amazing that the creator of Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Codlin and Dick Swiveller (who, however, begins to show signs of a tendency towards the Madison-Morton type) should have thought it funny to call Veneering's butler the Analytical Chemist; and to make Rogue Riderhood, having designated one person as Tother Governor, call another Tothurest Governor. Yet Dickens had not lost his humour when he wrote "Our Mutual Friend." Silas Wegg is a perfect type of the characteristic humour of Dickens when he speaks of his friend Venus as "floating his powerful intellect in tea," and declares that his trestles, which he is about to sell, were pronounced "by a Irish gen'leman as was a judge of trestles to be beyond price." The appeal to the Irish gentleman is delightfully characteristic of the cunning of Wegg. Irishmen often are (or are supposed to be) good judges of horses, dogs, &c. Besides, it would be very difficult to verify the appeal, as the referee would presumably be in Ireland. It is a pity that Aristotle did not analyse the proper object and occasion of laughter in connection with his doctrine of the Mean. He would have begun with the unquenchable laughter of the Olympian gods at the limping Hephæstos, and would have brought it into relation with the last sally of the Agora or theatre; and Theophrastus would have told us what the funny man was "such as" to do and say. But alas! he has not analysed the *when*, the *where*, the *how*, and the *what* of laughter, and we do not even know what he thought of puns.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THOMAS FULLER

FEW men have been gifted with such a fund of wit and an abundance of humour as Dr. Thomas Fuller, who was able to be a man of learning without a taint of pedantry, a man of the world, a man of shrewd common sense whose wisdom and common sense did not cause him to waver for a moment in his devout allegiance to religion and his Church; he was learned as Lipsius, witty as Sheridan, sane as the self-made merchant, and wrote prose buoyant as his own personality, and varied as his gifts, for like George Herbert he lived and wrote and relished writing. He sat down to write a compendious account of the Church in Britain with all the enthusiasm of a modern novelist who knows that he has in his mind a plot so good that his novel will tell itself; and never through the innumerable pages of the mighty folio does his gusto abate for an instant; but his history runs on sparkling and bright with here a quaint aside and there a witty observation or a turn of phrase, over which one knows the old fellow, as Hazlitt lovingly calls him, was obliged to lay down his quill, rub his hands and chuckle: one sees the twinkle in his eye as he wrote:

"and a palm-tree served Deborah for her Westminster Hall wherein she judged Israel,"

or:

"Needs then must religion be in a doleful condition in Britain; for he who expects a flourishing Church in a fading commonwealth, let him try whether one side of his face can smile when the other is pinched."

Or, after having recounted the sad experiences of one Bishop Wilfrid at the conclusion of the seventh century, he begins, after the customary dedication, his history of the following century with the sentence:

"Painfull Wilfride was no sooner out of one trouble than he was engaged in another."

He is always on good terms with his "good reader"; not at all the terms upon which a modern writer is almost bound to be. The public was not Fuller's patron; those were the days before Pope introduced the independence of the writer—or to speak more accurately—shifted his dependence from the patron to the public: a reform, like many other reforms, of questionable value. For the public taste is notoriously fickle and vulgar, akin rather to a whim than a judgment, and the individual of wealth or position, though he may have a taste that is precarious, is yet more easily trained or stimulated because he has at any rate the advantage of being one. Fuller had no cause to be bitter about the public: if they were foolish enough not to read and relish his good things, the loss was incontestably theirs; and mattered but little to him. And so he wrote happily along, saying what he had to say in his own peculiarly attractive manner, confessing his own limitations, being at no pains to appear wiser than he was or to please any one but himself. Nothing illustrates this sublime attitude of benignity more delightfully than his preface to the second volume of his "Introduction to Wisdom": he begins by a formal preface to the reader in which he offers proof that the collection of wise sayings contained in the volume is quite invaluable, and then "Good Reader," he writes, and he is not starting another preface, rather is it the vocative of affection:

"Good Reader. I suspect I may have written some things twice; if not the same in words yet in sense, which I desire you to pass by favourably, forasmuch as you may well think, it was as difficult and dull a thing for me in so great a number of independent sentences to find out the repetitions. . . . Besides the pains such a search would cost me more time than I can afford it; for my glass of life running now low, I must not suffer one sand to fall in waste nor suffer one minute in picking of straws. And moreover my aged eyes being grown weak and dim I fear they will become quite dark by much perusing and poring; or at least so far as to render me unable to perfect several papers now lying by me, which I would willingly make a present of to you."

"But to conclude this; since in matters of advice, Precept must be

upon Precept, and Line upon Line, I apologise in the words of St. Paul, 'To write the same things to you to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.'"

And there are 3152 of these maxims each one worthy of a Rochefoucauld or Solomon, together with an appendix on Sincerity and Deceit. The marvel is how the man who wrote tremendous volumes of history in the spare time left him from the discharge of his parochial duties found opportunities for gaining his extraordinary wisdom and insight into the world at large. Certainly Fuller's ears for all his learning were not

"nailed to his books; and deadened with the sound of the Greek and Latin tongues and the din and smithery of school-learning;"

no man kept himself more fresh and vital: no man was less narrow-minded; nor had many a keener eye to the truth of things. Though a staunch Protestant, he writes of Queen Mary without bitterness or fury but with deliberate judgment—giving a verdict which is not wholly due to his faith in royalty, though doubtless coloured by it.

"Indeed she knew not the art of being popular and never cared to learn it. . . . She hated to equivocate in her own Religion and always was what she was without dissembling her judgment or Practice for fear or flattery. Little beloved of her subjects . . . she had been a worthy Princesse had as little cruelty been done under her as was done by her."

Fuller's style is vivid, and, as might be expected from a scholar of his calibre, elaborate and involved; but his prose is never heavy; it is always leavened by picturesque expressions and epithets of genius: here as everywhere his humour is his salvation. But his style is absolutely suited to his subject-matter; where there is need for simple narration, the embellishments and tricks vanish and he shows a mastery over effect that is memorable. What could be more simple or more telling than this passage, that ends his church history, in which he narrates the burial of King Charles?

"All things thus in readiness, the corpse was brought to the vault, being born by the soldiers of the garrison. Over it a black velvet hersecloth, the four labels whereof the four Lords did support. The Bishop of London stood weeping by, to tender that his service which might not be accepted. Then was it deposited in silence and sorrow in the vacant place in the vault (the herse-cloth being cast in after it) about three of the clock in the afternoon; and the Lords that night (though late) returned to London."

H. DE S.

FICTION

Fond Adventures. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MR. HEWLETT has gained a considerable reputation and much popularity by his writing, both of which he has undoubtedly deserved: he has a knowledge of his craft and ability: moreover there was charm and beauty in his "Little Novels of Italy," in his "Forest Lovers"; there was vigour of treatment in his "Richard Yea-and-Nay," a certain gusto breathed through his work, like the spirit of youth, and made it vital: something of that splendid blithe-heartedness that makes Stevenson's romances a never-ending source of joy. But in "The Queen's Quair," for all the turmoil of praise it evoked on its appearance, there were signs of decay—not of ability—far from it: the book is a monument of skilled craftsmanship, not of inspiration. It is not easy to gauge the reason of this. Perhaps Mr. Hewlett, conscious of his power of execution, is not at the pains to conceive deeply enough: perhaps he knows that he has taken the public ear, knows its stability and lack of taste and is content; perhaps he is suffering from a transitory staleness; probably it is due in a measure to all these reasons; but from whatever cause it arises, the result is to be deplored most heartily; for artists are not so frequent that the sight of one slipping from the high ranks to the low can be witnessed without a feeling that is akin to dismay. And this we experienced in reading the four stories—*Tales of the Youth of the World*—contained in the present volume. Three of them have already made their

appearance, two in *Harper's Magazine* and one in the *Cornhill*, and they certainly do not appear to merit preservation in any more lasting form. "The Heart's Key" is thin in the extreme, and will not bear the weight of cunning writing which has been lavished upon it; moreover, there is a taint of something very like vulgarity that takes away from the effect of fragile beauty which the story might otherwise have contained; a certain insistence upon external points which reminds us of an adroit auctioneer, disposing of a work of art. The story is of a proud lady humbled by the great love of a lowly suitor. The second and third tales are likewise disappointing, though they are written with much cleverness, and a knowledge of the times with which they deal. The last story in the book is "The Love Chase," which has not hitherto been published: it is the longest and by far the best, approaching Mr. Hewlett's own early standard of excellence, though by no means attaining to it. Simone della Prora, the Black Dog of Cittadella, is a splendid romantic figure, and the scene where he is cowed by Gonzaga the Cardinal in his own fortress is as capital as the final scene in the wood where the Cardinal's wiles are discovered. But the story drags, hindered in its progress by a display of erudition which is out of place, and in spite of the excellence of these two scenes and much good writing, leaves the reader unsatisfied. Knowing well the possibilities of Mr. Hewlett's fine ability, we lay down this latest volume with great disappointment.

A Rough Reformer. By ERNEST GLANVILLE. (Constable, 6s.)

THIS is a story of absorbing interest, touching life at many points, and told with equal vigour and feeling. Westmacott Vane descends on the City of London from the backwoods of Canada, and quickly makes himself a great financier, with smart society running after him for "options." We do not know whether Mr. Glanville has done the financial details right, and we do not care, for he has certainly drawn an extraordinarily impressive picture of a real man, simple, brutal, unscrupulous, and yet absolutely compelling in the sheer strength of his character. How he is ultimately induced to make restitution to the shareholders he has defrauded by a colossal "bear" *coup* is admirably told, and it is true instinct that made Mr. Glanville bring a not unhappy ending out of the purely unselfish schemes of organised emigration which the great financier set on foot at the zenith of his prosperity. These schemes are described in too much detail, in spite of their interest for the sociologist and the statesman. But there is much more in the book than a kind of reconstruction of Cecil Rhodes. We cannot remember anything in recent fiction more charming in its way than the idyll of little Tam, the cripple, with his marvellous knowledge of birds and beasts, and his atavistic reminiscences of the manners and customs of the ancient Britons, partly subjective, and partly drawn objectively from books. His friend, the gentle old vicar, is sympathetically drawn. Excellent, too, are Vane's parents, the wise, patient, homely old mother, and the vain and foolish old father, while Mary Lee is a winning type of strong young English womanhood. Certainly in not a few places the book reads too much like a pamphlet, and yet it is curious how Mr. Glanville manages to invest dry figures and details of land settlement and the training of young farmers with that kind of interest which belongs, or ought to belong, to everything that vitally concerns the fortunes of real human beings.

The Bell and the Arrow. By MRS. W. H. CHESON (NORA HOPPER). (Laurie, 6s.)

THERE is a freshness and sincerity about this book that is decidedly agreeable, while the story conveys the impression that it is drawn from personal experience, and is the outcome of strong individual opinion upon certain subjects and emotions. It is a quiet family chronicle with two love-stories running through it—their complications are many, and arise from perversities of mood and developments of character. To Margaret Butler and Tony Ward we are

chiefly attracted. Tony is the son of a tramp adopted by Margaret's father, and he falls in love with her, for a time. They are both fascinating, fickle creatures, not unlike in temperament, and beloved beyond their deserts by their little world. When we finish the story we are inclined to suspect that Margaret was nursed all through her waywardness for the sake of the last few pages, and so to end upon a note that will ring true or false according to the ear that listens. Most of the characters are lifelike, photographically distinct, but they do nothing—and that is the fault of the book; there is little that is strong or definite. The reader wanders, as it were, through a gently undulating country, picturesque enough, but never presenting a bold or striking feature, or even one fine point of view; yet it is a pleasant ramble too, in cheerful company, which yields some pretty fancies, amusing turns of phrase, and occasional shrewd observations on men and things.

The Master Mummer. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Ward Lock, 6s.)

MR. OPPENHEIM knows how to keep his readers thoroughly entertained, and his present story will be counted among his most successful mysteries. It has an ingenious plot, and a steady stream of romantic and dramatic incident; he writes well, too, without exaggeration, and with pretty touches of sentiment. Here the story opens with the rescue of a charming child from a wicked baronet. The scene takes place in a restaurant, and there's murder in it. Thereafter the rescuers have work enough for their hands and wits in defending Isobel de Sorrens from her enemies, who are persons in high places, entirely unscrupulous and audacious. Why they resort to desperate measures to obtain possession of an apparently friendless girl it would be unfair to disclose here. The description of Isobel's happy life in the studio with her three self-appointed guardians, the mystery that surrounds her, her strange experiences, and her ultimate fate, are all skilfully set forth; and will be found of absorbing interest to those who love a story of action and romance. In construction, management, style, and variety of incident, we can recommend "The Master Mummer" as one of the best stories of its kind that has appeared for some time.

The Letters of Theodora. By ADELAIDE L. ROUSE. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a girl who has some of her manuscripts refused and some accepted and who finally marries John. We consider it wrong to tell the plot of a novel in a review, but it will be seen from what we have said that this novel does not depend on plot. The girl is an American and she naturally writes in her own language. She says one of her friends has "considerable to do" in her house, and she refuses to "enthuse" over children. We cannot understand any one with Theodora's ear "enthusing." For Theodora has the literary temperament and can write. Therefore, though she really has nothing much to write about, her letters make pleasant reading. They bring to this country a picture of New York life that leaves out the hustlers and the millionaires: and, by the way, they let us peep at country interiors that are fragrant and old-fashioned. The girl herself is clever, natural and pleasing. She is wrapt up in books and writes as if she expected the world at large to share and understand her interests. This has the effect of narrowing her outlook and will assuredly narrow her audience. We cannot explain why manuscripts should make duller ware in fiction than, for instance, the vegetables on a hawker's barrow; but there is no doubt about the fact, at any rate as it stands in the minds of people to whom, through practical acquaintance, manuscripts have ceased to be things of a charming mystery. The struggles of Theodora hardly touch us, while Crainquebille stirs us to the depths. Perhaps we know from the beginning that Theodora will marry John and wear "come-into-the-garden-Maud" hats.

THE BOOKSHELF

MR. JOHN WARD'S advice to the readers of *Our Sudan: its Pyramids and Progress* (Murray, 21s.) is, "skip the letterpress, the pictures will teach you all you need to know." The book is indeed copiously illustrated, but the author's suggestion ought not to be followed for two reasons: first, the photographs are often too small to be instructive, and, secondly, they are accompanied by a most interesting and useful narrative. Mr. Ward is a conscientious student of antiquity and a thoroughgoing admirer both of Lord Kitchener and of the able officers who are carrying on the work he set afoot. Unfortunately, he errs in the matter of arrangement. An official despatch or a really sound treatise on irrigation elbows something that approaches perilously near the manner of the guide-book, but that obstacle being surmounted one comes upon a delightful discourse about the pyramids of Nuri and Jebel Barkal, the temples at Ban Nogo with their singular but attractive carvings, and passes from such pleasant subjects (which show Mr. Ward at his best) to a historical narrative of Lord Kitchener's campaigns. Here, then, is fine confused reading. Mr. Ward has collected his facts with such thoroughness that a careful reader of his book will be thoroughly equipped for a visit to the Sudan, and he who performs must stay at home will be provided with as sound a knowledge of the country as can be acquired without personal observation. The index is rather scrappy, and the despatches and précis ought to have been put into an appendix, which might well have been strengthened by the essential statistics.

The Brooches of Many Nations, by Mrs. Harriet A. Heaton, edited by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.Hist.S., &c. (Murray, Nottingham, and Simpkin Marshall) is dedicated to the lovers of art in miniature—an unnecessary differentiation, for those who have some knowledge of the spirit of art can appreciate it in the monument of a Ptolemy or the tiny bronze pin that engages the tangles of Neera's hair. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Heaton's book should make a wide appeal at the present time in England, for, after two generations of degraded taste in personal ornament, the dawn of better things is visible. The study of antique examples is as great an advantage in regard to brooches, earrings and the like, as in any other branch of applied art, and the present book collects within its covers much of the history of many of the most interesting periods and places connected with the subject. Beginning with a general review of the brooches of many nations, the author passes to the jewellery of Assyrian workmanship and so on to the designs, largely sacred of course, of Egypt, and thence by an easy step to Greek *fibulae* and Græco-Roman brooches. The considerable varieties included in this survey are in many cases illustrated by the writer with clear and bold drawings from examples in the museums or from the works of well-known authorities such as Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs" and Birch's "Fac-similes." It is a far cry from the *fibula* with which Hecuba put out the eyes of the children of Polymestor to the brooches of Scandinavian men and women, but Mrs. Heaton traces the connection with an easy mastery of her subject and follows the gradual influence of Roman motifs upon the purity of the far-off northern style. The forms of ornament at one time peculiar to the north are well illustrated here and might be imitated to-day; some of the snake *fibulae*, too—such, for example, as those shown in Figures 43 and 45—would form excellent models for modern reproduction. Indeed, this recommendation also applies to the interesting Celtic brooches, such as the *fibula* which the writer reproduces, and to the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon work with which she deals in a full and fitting fashion.

"To London town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by . . ."

and the author of "The Brooches of Many Nations" notes the procession of each dynasty as it passes and traces, with acute observation, the genesis of the particular ornament in which she is interested. So careful and full a piece of work, in whatever department of art it is carried out, will certainly be of value alike to the student and the amateur.

Among the masses of reprints which the publishers are vying with each other to produce, there is none so well planned or with so much promise of continued excellence as Messrs. Methuen's "New Standard Library." We have before us five little volumes: Graves's translation of *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*; *The Pilgrim's Progress*; vol. i. (containing the first fourteen chapters) of *Gibbon: Sense and Sensibility*, the first volume of a complete set of Jane Austen; and Bacon's *Essays and New Atlantis*, which is the first volume of Bacon's English works. We have only two small complaints to make: the type occupies a little too much of the page, and the tops are carelessly cut. For the rest, we can offer this enterprise nothing but praise and good wishes. The type is clear, the volumes are light and handy, the paper reasonably opaque, and the red bindings, which may be had for sixpence extra, neat and pleasant in colour. More important still, it is practically guaranteed by the publishers that the text is complete and exact. Mr. Sidney Lee is the general editor of the series and contributes a short introduction to each book; and when, on casting our eye down the list of promised volumes, we find the names of Dr. J. B. Bury, Mr. A. R. Waller, Dr. Paget Toynbee, and Mr. E. de Selincourt as editors of separate items in the series, we can rest assured that as much scholarship will be devoted to the preparation of these little sixpenny and shilling volumes as if they were *éditions de luxe* in large paper quarto. It would take too much space to give a list of all the most interesting features of "The Standard Library"; but it looks as if,

at last, the happy time were coming when any one who wants an English classic of any kind will know exactly where to go for it without fear of disappointment or deception.

Lhasa and its Mysteries, by Lieut.-Colonel L. Austine Waddell, LL.D., C.B. (Murray, 25s. net), is the fourth book recently published on Tibet, and it is undoubtedly *the* book. Colonel Waddell has devoted many years to the study of Buddhism in Burma, India and Tibet, and the result is, as has already been pointed out elsewhere, that he knows more about the religion of the Tibetans than the Tibetans themselves know. His account of the expedition is full and graphic; but the real value of his book lies in the account of the Buddhism of Tibet. He shows how immeasurably inferior it is to the Buddhism of India; how minor details (as will happen when religion becomes debased) are magnified into things of the first importance, and how the whole system of the religion, and therefore of the politics, of the country has been diverted into a means of aggrandisement for one individual, the Dalai Lama. It is good to be able to see the truth, the sordid truth, of what once was an impressive mystery; if only because it raises one's hopes that light and air may be let into a corrupt and effete system. Colonel Waddell's book must long remain the classic work on Tibet. He writes not only with learning and scholarship but with a delightful literary style and a sense of humour strong enough to enable him to draw plenty of amusement out of the corruption which must, at the same time, have been keenly disappointing to so ardent a student and keen admirer of the best in Buddhism. His book is admirably illustrated, and has some excellent maps; and the appendices of scientific results and notes to the text are most valuable.

For three and a half years Sir Charles Eliot acted as H.M. Commissioner for the East African Protectorate, and these years were, in his own words, "perhaps the happiest and most interesting years of my life." Into the reasons for his resignation it is unnecessary to enter; it is quite sufficient to assert that the administrator was entirely in the right and the Foreign Office entirely in the wrong. His book, *The East Africa Protectorate* (Arnold, 15s. net), is in no way a vindication of a perfectly justifiable revolt against red-tape; on the contrary, it is a fair and honest statement of the prospects and possibilities of a vast tract of country, much of which is still imperfectly known, and which yields, even to those who have special knowledge, a series of continual surprises by the discovery of new districts, healthy, fertile, and suitable as a residence for Europeans. The Uganda Railway, trade, and missionary work, and the imminent political possibilities and dangers, are treated in a thoroughly workmanlike and honest fashion. There is no *indaba* of unnecessary trivialities, but a clear, plain statement of fact, at once illuminative and enlightening. The dominant note is rightly that of East Africa as a European colony, its adaptability and products, food-supply, minerals and climate. Sir Charles Eliot had of course exceptional opportunities for a thorough examination of such part of the vast tract of country as came under his immediate purview, and he has been aided by the reports of sub-commissioners in the various districts. As a result we have a trustworthy, sane, and carefully edited account of a country which ere long is bound to loom large in colonial history. The book is provided with good pictures, interesting maps, and a careful index.

BOOK SALES

CONCLUSION OF THE SALE OF THE LIBRARY
OF THE LATE JOHN SCOTT, C.B., OF
HALKSHILL, AYRSHIRE

To the six days' sale recorded in the ACADEMY last week, numbering 1822 lots bringing over £13,000, remain to be added four more days of selling comprising 1701 lots, realising £5210, making a grand total of £18,262, an unexpectedly large one.

The notable books sold were as under:

Ovid. Aldus, 1502-1503. £10 10s.
Parker. Annales Typographici, &c. 1793-1803. £11 15s. (Pearson).
Passe (Crispin de). Regiæ Anglicæ Majestatis Pictura et historica declaratio (Germanice), fine engraved title and portraits of Queen Elizabeth, King James I., Queen Anne (of Denmark), and Prince Henry, and genealogical tree. 1604. £23 (Quaritch).
Petrarcha. Sonnetti, Canzoni et Triumphi, edizione prima. Venet (Vind de Spira). 1470. £12 10s.
Shakespeare. Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies, the first folio edition, all the preliminary ll. and the last leaf in facsimile, lower right hand corner of first 2 ll. mended, text perfect and in good and genuine state (12½ by 7½ in.), crimson morocco extra, ornamental gilt panels, in the Harleian style, g.e. by R. de Coverly. Folio. Printed by Isaac Iaggard and Edw. Blount, 1623. £255.
Phillips (John). A Commemoration of the Right Noble and Vertuous Ladye Margrit Douglas Good Grace, Countess of Lennox, daughter to the renowned and most excellent Princesse Margrit, Queene of Scotland espoused to K. James the fourth of that name, in the daies of her most puissant and magnificent father Henry the Seaventh of England. Original edition, black letter (at end: "Yours at Commande (in the Lord) John Phyllips"). 1578. £15 (Quaritch).

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, from the commencement in 1665 to 1861. 102 vols. Various bound (1841 to 1861 in parts), and Maty's General Index to vols. 1-70, numerous plates. 4to. 1665-1861. £138 (Wesley).

Plinius Secundus. *Historia Naturalis lib. xxxvi.*, editio princeps. Large folio. Venet. Joannes de Spira, 1469. A very fine, large and sound copy of this beautifully printed editio princeps of Pliny. £168 (Bland).

Plinius Secundus. *Historia Naturale, tradocta di Lingua Latina in Florentina per Christiforo Landino.* Venetiis, opus Nicolai Jansonis (Jenson) Gallici impressum. 1476. £58 (Maggs).

Prayer. Henry VIII.'s Primer. Grafton, 1545 (1546 on title). £21 (Quaritch).

Prayer; and Psalters in English, Greek and Latin, Originally belonging to Sir Robert Naunton, author of "Fragments Regalia," N.D. £36 (Quaritch).

Psalterium Davidis Regis, Cantica, Hymni (with the Commandments), Latine, cum Versione Scotica et Paraphrasi. Manuscript on vellum. Latin and Lowland Scotch. Folio. Saec. XV. An interesting manuscript representing probably the earliest rendering of any portion of the Bible in Lowland Scotch. £38 (Quaritch).

Purchas, His Pilgrims, in Five Bookes, containing Voyages and Peregrinations in all parts of the Globe. With the Fine Engraved Title (dated 1625). 1625-1626. £45 (Hopkins).

Rodericus Sancius de Arevalo; Episc. Zamorensis; Speculum Humanae Vitae. Paris. 1475. £12 5s. (Leighton).

Rolle (Richard, de Hampole), The Pricke of Conscience (a Poem); and a Wycliffian Exposition of the Paternoster (Prose). Middle English Manuscript on Vellum. (From the Ashburnham Collection.) Saec. XIV. £32 (Hopkins).

Rowlandson. The Dance of Life by Wm. Combe. 26 coloured plates by Thos. Rowlandson. First Edition, complete in the 8 original nos. 1817. £14 (Spencer).

The Buke of John Maundevill, being the Travels of Sir John Mandevill, Knight, 1322-56, a hitherto unpublished English Version, from the Egerton MS. in the B.M. 1889. £15 15s. (Ellis).

Thirty-two Miniatures, from the Book of Hours of Joan II., Queen of Navarre, a MS. of the 14th Century, 32 autotypes, 2 vols. half bound. Chiswick Press, 1899. £11 15s. (Maggs).

Saxton (Christopher), Maps of England and Wales, frontispiece of Queen Elizabeth enthroned, "Index Comitatum," "Index Operi," and 35 maps, coloured by a contemporary hand, original issue, 1579. £36 10s.

Abbotsford Club Publications, 33 vols. £23.

Scottish History Society Publications, 42 vols. £22.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, complete set to 1900. 40 vols. £39.

Sinclair (Geo.), Satan's Invisible World Discovered: a Choice Collection of Modern Relations, proving evidently . . . that there are Devils, Witches and Apparitions, etc., with the Marvellous History of Major Weir and his Sister, etc. Original edition. Edinb. 1685. £13.

Slezer (Capt. John), Theatrum Scotiae; containing the Prospects of Castles, Palaces, Towns and Colleges, Ruins of Abbeys, Monasteries, etc., in Scotland. Original edition. 1693. £10 5s.

Spalding Club Publications. Complete set, in all 37 vols. 1839-1871. £12.

Suetonius. De Vita XII Caesarum. Finely printed in Roman letter. Venet. Nicolaus Jenson, 1471. £29.

Tacitus. *Annalium et Historiarum Libri.* Editio princeps. Finely printed in Roman letter. (c. 1470.) Extremely rare. Perhaps the first book printed in Venice by Vindelin of Spire; and the first book printed with catch-words. £63 (Quaritch).

Thomas Aquinas (S.), *Secunda Secundae, cum Tabula.* Editio princeps. 1466-1468. £50.

Thomas Aquinas (S.), *Secunda Secundae.* Editio Prima, per Petrum Schoiffer de Gernsheim, A.D. 1467. £81. This is the second on his list of books for sale which Peter Schoiffer issued in or about 1469.

Thomas Aquinas (S.), *De Veritate Catholicae Fidei et Erroris Gentilium.* Lib. IV. Venet. Nic. Jenson. 1480. £11 15s.

Thomas Aquinas (S.), *Super Primo Libro Sententiarum.* Venet. Antonius de Strata, 1486. £78. Printed upon vellum, probably unique. A contemporary MS. slip denotes it as originally belonging to the Monastery of St. Leonard in Venice.

Valturius (Robertus), *De Re Militari.* Lib. XII. MCCCCLXXII. Editio princeps, printed on vellum (five leaves are supplied from a paper copy). It is the second book printed at Verona and the first with woodcuts executed in Italy in a dated book. £200.

Valturius (Rob.), *De Re Militari.* Lib. XII. Verona. 1483. The second edition of Valturius. £33.

Virgilius. The XII Bukes of Eneados of the Famose Poete Virgill, translated out of Latyne Verses into Scottish Metir, be Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, etc., every buke havin hys particular prologe. First edition, black letter. 1553. £48.

The tenth and eleventh days' sales comprising books on shipping and navigation only were disposed of in a few minutes on the tenth day.

The Catalogue said that:

"All the Lots forming this and the following day's Sale will be first offered together as a collection at the Reserved Price of £1000. If this sum be not realised, they will be sold separately as catalogued."

The 969 lots realised 1500*g*, paid by Mr. Johnston, Edinburgh. So ended this very fruitful sale.

The sale of the fourth section of the late Bishop Hurst's valuable library, in New York recently, dispersed a large number of important books and manuscripts. Six items brought over \$1000 each, the largest sum being paid for the original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland in three volumes, the first being entirely in the author's handwriting and the remaining volumes in another hand. Hawthorne's copy of Shakespeare's works in fourteen volumes, with the novelist's autograph in each volume and pencilled notes by his son and daughter, was sold for \$1400, while the original manuscript of Washington Irving's Bracebridge Hall written on 155 octavo leaves, brought \$1315. Among the important manuscripts sold were Coleridge's Orsino (\$125), Moore's Epicurean (\$725), Walt Whitman's war diary (\$150), a portion of the manuscript of Poe's Tamerlane (\$801), and Cowper's Legal commonplace Book (\$80). The entire library brought the sum of \$56,000, probably double the amount originally paid for it by its owner.

FINE ART

TEMPERAMENT IN PAINTING

To any one interested in the question of nationality in art there is now an excellent opportunity for research work. For following the Whistler Exhibition at the New Gallery, comes an interesting little loan collection of paintings in oil and water-colour by Mr. Sargent at the new Carfax Gallery, off Jermyn Street. That Whistler and Mr. Sargent are the two greatest and most distinctive painters America has yet produced, few will be prepared to deny; and many may be willing to go further and concede that Mr. Sargent's art bears the impress of his nationality. To speak in the language of his countrymen Mr. Sargent is a regular "hustler" in paint, who gets "right there" without the slightest hesitation. In his painting are all the qualities we admire in the American man of business. He is sure, wonderfully sure; he goes straight to the point, and he is rarely reticent as to the result. There is exuberant self-confidence in every one of his dashing brush-strokes. He is quick, alert, forcible, decisive. We watch him rapidly striding from success to success with something of the wonder and respectful envy with which we follow the career of a New York multi-millionaire.

How far this thing which Mr. Sargent and his compatriot millionaires have in common is nationality or personality, is a matter not easy to decide. The analysis of national character is largely a question of arithmetic, an attempt to find the greatest common multiple of a number of varying, distinct, and contradictory individualities. Let one look diligently enough and he will find all sorts of nationalities in any one nation. We should be chary, then, of branding as American characteristics which distinguish only a small section of the inhabitants of New York and Chicago. If we say that Mr. Sargent is a typically American painter, we merely mean that parallels may be drawn between his art and the characteristics of the type of American with whom we in England are most familiar. With a little more trouble one might hope to show that Whistler also was a typically American painter, to draw a parallel between his art and the characteristics of an American with whom we are less familiar, the reserved, dignified, low-voiced *seigneur* from the Southern States.

Seriously, it may be doubted whether the difference between Whistler's art and the art of Mr. Sargent is greater than the difference between a Northerner and a Southerner. Two qualities, at least, they have in common, courageous daring and nervous energy, the energy is rigorously restrained in a Whistler as it is emphatically expressed in a Sargent. These qualities may possibly be found in most Americans, but the difficulty of arriving at the American national character is that the nation itself is a mixed race. Underneath the question of nationality there always lies the question of race, and this is the more important. A man may change his nationality, but he cannot change his race. A young nation, a conglomerate of distinct and different races cannot in three or four generations evolve a national type. In the United States the Teutonic, Celtic, Latin and Slavonic elements have hardly as yet fused

sufficiently for an American nationality to be born of their union. Consequently it is easier to classify her greatest sons as Celts and Teutons than as Americans. The American temperament is an unknown quantity, the Teutonic and Celtic we know and recognise. The former we recognise in Mr. Sargent, the latter in Mr. Whistler.

It is not necessary, of course, for a man to be a pure Celt in order to possess the Celtic temperament; still it is interesting to know that Whistler inherited a strong strain of Irish blood from his father, of Scotch from his mother. But without knowing anything of his parentage, one might have discerned his Celtic temperament in his art. Celtic art and Celtic thought have ever been characterised by a certain reticence. The Celt does not demand attention; he waits for it to be given. And when that attention has been given, he often makes a deeper impression on the memory than the Teuton with his more stentorian voice. Never in his portraits, his nocturnes, or in his etchings, does Whistler force himself upon our notice. He does not shout across a gallery to us. If we like to pass him by, we may. He will not stretch a finger to stop us. But if we wait—then, like a true Celt, he gives himself to us wholly, and transports us into a fairy land of common things transfigured. All that he sees, be they the commonest objects imaginable, he invests with a halo of poetic mystery, and expresses in a language at once simple and subtle, simple by reason of its direct emotional appeal, subtle by reason of its profound penetration. In all this Whistler shows his Celtic temperament, and his painting has the virtues of Chateaubriand's prose. Finally, Whistler has that sense of the world's sorrow from which the Celt is rarely free. A sweet melancholy pervades all his paintings as it does the greatest Celtic literature. He can never indulge in unrestrained gaiety as a painter of the Netherlands. There is pathos in the Battersea nocturnes, pathos in the portraits of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," the "Miss Alexander," always pathos and a recognition of the "Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self."

Wholly different is the temperament of Mr. Sargent, who is as emphatic as Whistler is reticent. He calls us with the trumpet notes of the great Teutonic thinkers, and we cannot choose but come. There is no denying his vehemence; we can no more escape looking at his paintings than we can escape hearing of Goethe and Schopenhauer. His art is as militant as Whistler's is mystical, as analytic as Whistler's is intuitive. One does not deny intelligence to Whistler, or emotion to Mr. Sargent, nevertheless one is convinced that Whistler's painting is governed by his heart, Mr. Sargent's by his head. Mr. Sargent knows: Whistler felt. Nobody doubts that Mr. Sargent feels what he sees intensely, or that Whistler knew perfectly well what he was about. But there is this difference between them, a temperamental difference. When Mr. Sargent finds himself confronted by a scene, he seems to know exactly how he will record it; and record it he does, with sure touches and unerring skill. On the other hand, when Whistler was confronted by a scene, one thinks that he felt how it ought to be recorded, and that after much labour and much taking of thought, suddenly, it happened! and exactly how it happened Whistler himself could not have told. To call Mr. Sargent facile, would be to underestimate his strength; but one might say that his genius works consciously. Whistler's, for all his consummate knowledge of his craft, worked unconsciously, and his greatest achievements were the result of moments one believes to have been inspired.

ETCHINGS OLD AND NEW

THE intelligent appreciation of original etching is undoubtedly becoming more general, not only in Germany, where a keen interest is taken in English etchers of to-day and their works, but also in our own country. It is a sign of the times that exhibitions of etchings are held with

increasing frequency at galleries hitherto associated mainly with pictures and water-colours, and that one dealer after another is adding etchings by contemporary artists to his stock. Two or three years ago the number of painter-etchers whose work could be found at any West End gallery at all was very limited; those who were not among the favoured few had but one chance in the year of bringing their work to the notice of the public, and there was little likelihood of any inquiry being made for their etchings in the interval between one exhibition at the Painter-Etchers and the next. Now the tide has turned; collectors are beginning to discover that etchings exist elsewhere than on exhibition walls, and the enterprising organisers of such great provincial exhibitions as were held in two successive years at Wolverhampton and Bradford have done much to educate public taste by the prominence they have given to the best black-and-white work of the day. There are even signs that provincial print-rooms of a permanent character may be established at no distant date.

Meanwhile such an exhibition as Mr. Paterson has just opened at 5 Old Bond Street is to be commended for the catholicity of taste to which it bears witness. There are living masters and dead, native and foreign, among the thirteen etchers represented; one of them is entirely new and several are scarcely ever to be seen at exhibitions. This does not apply to Rembrandt, Méryon and Whistler, but it is long since Norblin saw the light; it was rather unkind to place him, when resuscitated, so near to Rembrandt, for he was merely one of the best of Rembrandt's belated imitators who abounded in the eighteenth century. Keene is fairly represented; Gaillard and Bracquemond very scantily, the latter, in fact, by one example only, for the portrait of Méryon is not the exceedingly scarce original, but the good photographic reproduction which the etcher himself retouched. Sir J. C. Robinson, as we said on the occasion of this year's exhibition at the Painter-Etchers, has hardly met with due recognition, and we are glad to see another group here of his stormy skies and gleams of sunshine; the finest, perhaps, is "October Rainfall in Spain." The Manet etchings, selected from a set of thirty just published in a portfolio, will excite curiosity now that many of his pictures have so recently been seen in London. They are saturated with Spanish influence; Manet has seen Velasquez through the eyes of Goya, and never lets us forget his hero-worship. "The Dead Toreador" (1864) marks a stage half-way between Goya's "Desastros" and Mr. Strang's Kipling series. M. Théodore Roussel is one of the most accomplished followers of Whistler, and he has exhibited so rarely that we are glad to see him well represented on this occasion. "Pierrot en Pied" and some of the Chelsea etchings are delightful. There are eleven Camerons, chiefly of recent date, including three of his Paris set, the beautiful "Montivilliers," some other French subjects and "John Knox's House." Mr. D. S. MacLaughlan, a Canadian artist who has made his home in Paris, has exhibited little in London except at the International Exhibition. Some recent etchings done in Italy show him at his best; two of these, "Pavia" and "Ponte Ticino," are on the walls, and others, including a very beautiful "Bologna," may be seen in a portfolio; alike in technique and in selection of subject these are among the best etchings of recent years that we have seen, and we shall expect great things of Mr. MacLaughlan if so satisfactory a progress continues. Compared with these his earlier Paris etchings are uninteresting and confused. "La Flèche, Rouen" is a fine piece of careful drawing; the artist has spared no pains in dealing thoroughly with a difficult subject, but false biting, in this as in some other plates, detracts a little from the final effect. Mr. Stone's Copenhagen etchings, of which "The Canal" is the most successful, show very good intentions, hampered by a certain timidity; if this be, as we believe, his first appearance, a tentative method need not be harshly judged; this goodly company of famous etchers places a beginner at a disadvantage. C. D.

ART SALES

THE collection of pictures of the English and Continental schools and water-colours of the late Mr. Abraham Mitchell of Bradford and the pictures of Mr. Joseph Mitchell of Bradford were sold by Messrs. Christie on Saturday, April 1. The highest price was fetched by a road scene with a cow and some sheep, by C. Troyon, 880 guineas. Other pictures sold were: J. Linnell, sen., "Harvest Time," 1869, 530 guineas, and "Driving Cattle and Sheep Through a Valley," 1830, 280 guineas; Josef Israels, "Dutch peasant-woman sewing," 520 guineas; Peter Graham, "Driving Sheep over the Moor," 1875, 410 guineas; Sir L. Alma-Tadema, "Under the Archway," 380 guineas; S. Nasmyth, "A View in Surrey," 1831, 330 guineas; Auguste Bonheur, "Homeward Bound," 1864, 330 guineas; P. J. Clays, "Vessels at the Mouth of a River," 1874, 280 guineas; C. Fielding (water-colour), "The Wreck," 1835, 270 guineas.

At a recent sale of early English engravings and old sporting colour prints at Messrs. Christie's, Meyer's mezzotint after Romney of "Lady Hamilton as Nature" (his earliest portrait of Emma) first published state, wide margin, fetched 340 guineas. A similar proof fetched 385 guineas in 1903, and a colour print of the same fetched £470 in 1899.

At the sale of old English Silver at Messrs. Christie's on April 6, the highest price was fetched by a Charles II. porringer with flat cover and formal handles, with a decoration of a band of cut card work, 1676, £209 8s. This was at the rate of 240s. per ounce; but a Charles I. plain goblet with V-shaped bowl, on baluster stem and circular foot, 1633, which was sold for £81 5s., fetched 325s. per ounce. A Charles II. plain peg tankard, with flat cover, hollow scroll handle and double billet, York, 1670, was sold for £200 5s. 3d. (= 185s. per ounce); a pair of Charles II. silver-gilt goblets, embossed with spiral fluting round the lower part, 1683, £159 12s. (= 84s. per ounce).

On April 7, Messrs. Christie sold the collection of porcelain, faience, &c., of the late Mr. Henry Willett of Brighton. The most important lots were a bronze relief by Peter Vischer of Aristophanes, on carved plinth 9 in., 600 guineas; and a pair of early sixteenth-century French relief bronzes of Louis XII. of France and his third wife, Princess Mary of England, the reliefs applied upon *verde-antique* marbles in frames of gilt and painted wood, 380 guineas.

At the sale of Mr. Herbert G. Huggins's engravings on Tuesday, some record prices were fetched, and in three cases of engravings after Reynolds—Countess of Harrington, whole length, by Valentine Green, first state, wide margin, 650 guineas; Lady Elizabeth Compton, whole length, by Valentine Green, 500 guineas; and Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens, whole length, by W. Dickinson, untrimmed margins, 390 guineas—the engravings fetched more than was paid for the original pictures. Of the remainder of the lots we have only space to mention those that fetched 50 guineas and over; which were as follows: After Sir Joshua Reynolds: Lady Elizabeth Foster, by F. Bartolozzi, in colours, 82 guineas; Lady Smyth and children, by the same, also in colours, 52 guineas; Mrs. Braddyll, by Samuel Cousins, 50 guineas; Colonel Tarleton, by J. R. Smith, first state, 62 guineas; Warren Hastings, by T. Watson, first state, with wide margins, 50 guineas; Lady Beaumont, by J. R. Smith, first state, 68 guineas; Miss Mary Horneck, by R. Dunkarton, 58 guineas; Mrs. Carnac, by J. R. Smith, second published state, 66 guineas; Lady Bampfylde, by T. Watson, second state, 86 guineas; the Countess of Salisbury, by V. Green, second state, 63 guineas; the daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, by W. Ward, first published state, with the title in open etched letters, 560 guineas; Countess Cholmondeley and son, by Charles Turner, first state, with wide margins, 220 guineas. There were also the following portraits: Lady Rushout and daughter, as "Content and Innocence," after A. Kauffman, by Burke, in colours, 66 guineas; Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Bunbury, after Gardner, by W. Dickinson, 88 guineas; the Beauties of Windsor, after Sir P. Lely, by T. Watson, the set of six, proofs before letters, 64 guineas; Lady Acland and children, after Sir T. Lawrence, by S. Cousins, 52 guineas; and Lady Charlotte Legge, after G. Romney, by J. Grozer, first published state, 100 guineas.

There were also the following: "The Sleeping Nymph," after J. Hoppner, by W. Ward, in colours, 68 guineas; "The Gamblers" and "The Fortune-Tellers," after the Rev. W. Peters, by J. R. Smith, a pair of open letter proofs, 78 guineas; "The Promenade at Carlisle House," by and after J. R. Smith, 72 guineas; "Selling Rabbits" and "The Citizen's Retreat," after J. Ward, by W. Ward, in colours, 62 guineas; a set of "The Cries of London," after F. Wheatley, by various engravers, the thirteen printed in colours, 390 guineas; and the following, in colours, after G. Morland: "The Return from Market," by J. R. Smith, 78 guineas; "A Party Angling" and "The Anglers' Repast," by Ward and Keating, 78 guineas; "The Farmer's Stable," by W. Ward, 55 guineas; and "Innocence Alarmed," by Smith, with wide margin, 80 guineas.

At the Henry Willett sale at Messrs. Christie's on Monday the most important lots were as follows: Head of a Highland lassie (Mrs. Ruskin), drawing by Millais, 130 guineas; An early German triptych on panel, with an Emperor and Empress on horseback and a procession, 130 guineas; a Madonna by Gaudenzio Ferrari, 185 guineas; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, by Hans Holbein, 165 guineas; another portrait ascribed to Holbein, 100 guineas; B. van Orley, the Madonna, 175 guineas; a head of a girl by Romney, 95 guineas; Miss Elizabeth Gunning, by Reynolds, 70 guineas; and a series of twenty-five portraits by Bramantino, which formed part of

a frieze in a room in the Gonzaga Palace of San Martino, Mantua, 540 guineas.

At a sale of modern pictures on Saturday last at Messrs. Christie's two pictures of roses by Fantin-Latour fetched 440 guineas, and a picture of ewes and lambs by E. Verboeckhoven, 1871, 190 guineas.

THE DRAMA

"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

THIRTEEN years ago Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to Mr. Barrie a letter in which occurred this piece of excellent literary criticism:

"*The Little Minister* ought to have ended badly; we all know it *did*. . . Now, your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with and fondle and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that, your honour was committed. . ."

So *The Little Minister* ended happily. *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* ends happily, too. That is to say, Mr. Barrie has "lied about" the real ending with the same "grace and good feeling" for which Stevenson was "infinitely grateful" to him when he hid the true end of *The Little Minister*. The curtain falls on a "happy ending" that must inevitably breed strife and misunderstanding in the sequel. Let us take a surreptitious peep at this "Page from a Daughter's Diary," as Mr. Barrie calls it, and learn the true situation from the private copy-book of Amy Grey, aged seventeen.

"Father and mother came home from India to-day," runs the first entry. "Father's a dear and not so yellow after all. But it isn't safe to talk to him about rupees. As for mother, I can't make her out at all. She's so cold and reserved. I wanted to fling myself in her arms, but she held me at arm's length and gave me a cold little peck. I can never love her."

Scarcely was the ink dry on this when Amy saw her mother kiss Stephen Rollo, the old Anglo-Indian, and heard him say: "Then you'll come to-night." Horror of Amy, who grasps the situation with the intuitive knowledge of life born of witnessing five popular plays in one week. "I must save her," she confides to her diary. "I shall go to his rooms in evening dress, demand her letters back, and if I am discovered, step forth and say: 'He is my affianced husband.'"

Thus properly attired for the part, Amy confronts the bewildered Rollo, when—the irony and the humour of it—enter Colonel Grey and his wife! In an instant the situation which has been developed with such splendid dexterity passes from the realm of fantastic satire to unabashed melodrama. "He is my affianced husband," cries sacrificial Amy, and goes home to write in her diary: "To-night I have saved my mother's honour." Even when all is explained and the Colonel and his wife laugh over their daughter's folly, the stage-struck child is left to wallow in the priggish complacency of her selfish delusion that henceforth she is directly responsible for her mother's right conduct in life. Why has the author ended his play thus? The answer is simple. Mr. Barrie is constitutionally unable to discern the line of demarcation between Sentiment and the dangerous expanse of Sentimentality that lies beyond. Again he returns to the fascinating theme of the mother heart, and handles it with that exquisite surety of touch, that almost feminine tenderness and that diaphanous humour which are his unique gifts. No more poignant or gracious picture of womanhood can be imagined than that of Alice Grey, the wayward woman, young at heart, who, fresh from the frivolities and gallantries of Anglo-Indian life, cannot reconcile herself to new facts—who, while yearning for her children's love, cannot justify them by demeaning herself as a staid and sober matron. That this sweetly sane and adorable woman should submit to the impertinent dominion of her daughter seems neither true nor humorous. The *raison d'être* of the situation is that excess which makes humour vassal to sentimentality. In order that Mrs. Grey may become *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*—a rôle there seems no

reason she should adopt—the author heaps anti-climax on anti-climax and quite *à propos des bottes* makes her indulge in superfluous confession of minute sins to her somewhat stolid husband. The injudicious end, the flood of sentimentality, and the prolix dialogue return upon Critic Sit-by-the-Fire, as he ponders on the play some days after its performance. He recalls too the conflict of dramatic themes—the delicious satire on drawing-room melodrama and the human comedy of Alice and her children—opposites which Mr. Barrie has failed to harmonise into unity, imperilling thus the interest and value of this brilliant amalgam of methods. As he watched the play, however, its manifold virtues, its originality, its charm were more apparent. Convention has hallowed the epithet “whimsical” to describe Mr. Barrie’s work. The present writer yields and employs the word. “Whimsical” it is—but how much more? It is impossible to reflect its gay *insouciance*, its spontaneity, its keen irrelevancies, its fantastic spirit. These qualities are less evident than in *The Admirable Crichton* and *Peter Pan*. Indeed, the whole work moves on a lower plane than either of these, how much lower than *Crichton* we will not gauge. Its effervescent gaiety, however, inspires Miss Ellen Terry, whose bubbling good-humour and exquisite womanliness make an irresistible combination. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is innocent mischief incarnate; no shade of Amy’s character, however fine, escapes her; she revels in the subtlety of the satire. In an excellent cast, Mr. Aubrey Smith deserves especial praise for a wholly natural and unforced study of sober Colonel Grey. Nevertheless, pleasurable as is the general effect of *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*, our physicians are not likely to prescribe “an evening with Barrie” as a cure for the pessimism engendered by the *zeitgeist* of modernity, so long as *Pantaloone* precedes the main piece at the Duke of York’s Theatre. This is a Barrie experiment, a clever but sinister study of the egotism of the histrionic temperament which scarcely attunes the mind for what comes after. Mr. Gerald du Maurier finds a happy opportunity in it for some versatile and finished acting. Thus *Pantaloone* is justified of its existence.

“OTHELLO” AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

A CRITIC must approach with some regret the task that awaits him here. Not insensible of the high claims of courage, wishing to voice his admiration of an earnest spirit and sincere, longing to encourage youth in a splendid venture, he must yet be either silent or speak in accents of dispraise. Miss Tita Brand, the young actress who has undertaken that thirteenth labour of Hercules, the control of a theatre, has commended herself to the discerning by clever work, informed with unusual intelligence and power, in various plays, ranging from the restrained intensity of *Everyman* to the unrestraint of *The Edge of the Storm*. Presumably of her own free will, she has elected to play the rôle of Desdemona, a fact that affords the curious an interesting glimpse of the workings of the histrionic mind. Than the wife of the noble Moor, one finds no gentler, more submissive creature in the wide galaxy of Shakespeare’s womankind. Yet here is an actress, framed by nature for the portraiture of bodily and mental power, who must needs try to shrink herself to the dimensions of the timorous, clinging Desdemona. Nature is not so easily foiled, even by an ambitious actress, eager, in the pride of her youth, to subdue physical and intellectual difficulties, to reconcile the irreconcilable. Not once, in spite of her expenditure of much intelligence and much striving, does Miss Brand lull us to illusion; each line of her figure, meet for the enactment of the deep-bosomed mother of heroes, each note of her voice, tuned to the utterance of heroic words, rebels against it. Miss Brand cannot diminish herself to “fair Desdemona’s” proportions. Generous of her own powers, Miss Brand has also shown herself generous as manager. Mr. Hubert Carter, the Othello, is but little

known to London. Here then is his chance. Alas that no triumph may be recorded! Credit him with a fine physique, intelligence and sincerity one can, but—“the rest is silence.” Or at least it should be, were it not the implicit duty of criticism to analyse the causes of failure. Those who recall Mr. Forbes Robertson’s Othello—a conception open to dispute—can never forget the superb nobility of the Moor, his dignity, his sweet charm. These are the essential notes of his character. In Mr. Carter’s Othello they are absent, and the rôle is consequently bereft of those qualities which win the sympathy of the onlooker. Mr. Carter’s elocution, too, smacks of the class-room, jerky, over-insistent, and monotonous. Sound and fury there are; raging but no passion; the grandeur, the beauty and the pathos of Othello are beyond Mr. Carter’s present powers of expression. For these chief disappointments, compensation, inadequate but gratifying, is to be found in certain individual performances—in Mr. Barnes’ plausible, guileless picture of Iago, a portrait lacking due emphasis of the subtle and complex nature of the “ancient’s” villainy; in the pathetic figure of Mr. Anson’s Brabantio, in Mr. Ainley’s delicately-tinted study of Cassio, in Miss Granville’s triumph over her modernity as Emilia, a rôle in which she almost reaches tragic greatness, and certainly achieves fine heights of power and pathos. For these things and the sober elegance of the mounting one is duly thankful. Our admiration, too, goes out to the young actress-manager for her spirit in ignoring the “star” system—but we could have hoped that she had found a new genius for Othello, and had not lost herself in Desdemona.

“THE TROJAN WOMEN” AT THE COURT THEATRE

THE *Troades* of Euripides is one long wail. Troy has fallen; and the women of Troy, with Hecuba in their midst, stand in the keep, wailing for what has passed, and for what is to come. From this wailing there is little relief; a few bursts of passion from Queen Hecuba; the wild prophecies of Cassandra, as she goes forth to the ship of Agamemnon, soon, as we know, to share his death at Clytemnestra’s hand in Argos; a sharp encounter between Helen and Hecuba in the presence of doubting Menelaus, and the awful tragedy of the death of little Astyanax, hurled from the walls of Troy by order of the Greeks, and buried in the great shield of his father, Hector. These are all the episodes that amount to anything like action. The rest is all wailing. For the action lies behind. *Fuit illium et ingens gloria*. The men of Troy are all dead, lying naked, most of them, and unburied under their own walls: only the women are left—to wail for the sons and husbands they have lost, for the city that is being burned beneath their eyes, for the captivity and shame that await them, when once the long ships of the Greeks shall have reached their haven. Men are few in the play; and it is not distinctively the manly side of those who appear that the dramatist dwells on. Menelaus, once the great warrior, is here torn between love and loathing of Helen; he wavers like any woman, and takes Helen alive to his ship with an excuse of deferred vengeance which is worthy of Hamlet—or a woman. Talthylbius, the Greek herald, the bearer of hateful tidings, breaks down under the horror of his lords’ commands, and wails, in his own way, like the captives he herds before him. It is a play of women.

We know of no so forcible expression in literature of the sense of desolation, of loneliness, of a void. The great tide of action has rolled away from Troy for ever. The noble deeds of arms, the feasting, the love, the heroes in breast-plates and plumed helmets—all are gone; what remains is a handful of women huddled together in a half-ruined tower. The poignancy of that feeling is all but unendurable. It is the emotional essence of the play—a sentiment that grips one more and more, as one after another the great names depart, and leave yet a smaller handful

in cowering loneliness. We found it proof even against the suspicion of weariness which, perhaps inevitably, attends, in these hurried days of ours, the long-drawn-out wailing of the women. The wailing seems excessive; and yet, *The Trojan Women* being what it is, it is difficult to see what else the actors could have done.

All who have sufficient interest in the Greek drama to visit these Vedrenne-Barker matinées of the play (and those who have not will miss what they should not miss) will, no doubt, have seen Professor Gilbert Murray's admirable introduction to the translation which was reviewed in the *ACADEMY* of March 11, and which forms the text used in the performance. There is no need, therefore, to dwell on what the poet-translator points out as the chief message of the play, the "rebel passion" pity, here seen for the first time in European literature exalted into a moving principle. We must close an all too brief account of the performance by calling special attention to a very fine, if not always unexceptionable rendering of the trying part of Hecuba by Miss Marie Brema, Miss Edyth Olive's most pathetic and beautiful Cassandra, and the Talthybius of Mr. James Hearn, which, indeed, it would be hard to praise too highly. For the rest, Miss Wynne-Matthieson plays Andromache, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Helen, and Mr. Dennis Eadie, Menelaus; and all play well.

SCIENCE

THE VARIETIES OF OPTIMISM

THE observed varieties of optimism may be classified, I think, according to their origin, or according to their measure. In attempting such a classification one is perhaps likely to meet with more success than if it were essayed to answer the question: "What is optimism?" This, I believe, would be almost profitless; for I have heard two admirers of Mr. George Meredith, each thoroughly conversant with his work, declare respectively that he is an optimist and a pessimist. In this and a hundred other cases it is probable that the argument is not about facts but about names. It is better, therefore, to forego any definition, and to ask ourselves what are the states of mind that may be included in the widest meaning of the term optimism.

Probably the most common and certainly the most practically important variety of optimism—to begin with the classification by origins—is not so much a state of mind as a state of body. This variety one may call organic, constitutional, visceral, or—if you like—gastric optimism. It invariably presupposes a good digestion. Though entirely non-rational, it is capable of a rational explanation. It is now known that the most important of the various "senses" which supplement the familiar five, is dependent upon the innumerable sensory nerves which proceed from the internal organs to the brain. In health, these nerves combine to produce the "organic sense of well-being," the perversion and reversal of which are the characteristic feature common to all forms of melancholia. In other states, such as certain forms of mania, and in ecstasy, this sense may be heightened, but not reversed. In health, then, every man has an organic bias towards optimism. The overwhelming majority of people, whose normal health is not qualified even by the "malady of thought," are therefore optimists in virtue of their "organic sense of well-being." This variety of optimism is, as I have said, entirely non-rational, and thus may be compatible with a belief in hell, which no sympathetic person could realise without loss of his sanity, not to mention his optimism. But so powerful is the control exercised by the organic sensations over the higher faculties of most of us, that, given healthy viscera, it may be doubted whether the imagination is capable of realising and explicitly appreciating the unspeakable ghastliness of such a belief. In

describing gastric optimism as non-rational, however, I do not mean to stigmatise it. Granted that not one per cent. of the population thinks about the things that permanently matter, it is indeed well that gastric optimism should exist and exercise such power. Its genesis is obvious to the evolutionist, who sees in it a factor that makes for fitness and survival. We therefore note its existence, congratulate ourselves thereupon, admit its inestimable practical worth, but dismiss it as of no rational or philosophic weight, *save in so far as its existence is itself an argument for rational optimism.*

Next in order of importance, perhaps, is the optimism which has a very different origin—not in the abdomen, but in the acceptance of some comforting creed. The reader certainly does not need my assistance in recalling the innumerable creeds—all, of course, of Oriental origin, Western man never yet having achieved the making of a religion, unless we except Christian science and the like—which postulate a happy and illimitable hereafter to compensate for these present ills, "which are but for a moment." It is a common characteristic of these many creeds, ancient and modern, that they emphasise the ills of this life in contrast with the promise of the next. They thus inculcate a terrestrial pessimism, but a celestial optimism. Herein is a distinction to be noted in comparing this, which is the optimism of faith, with the third species now to be named, which is the optimism of reason. But again I protest that I am attempting to classify—not to pass judgment. And though it would be easy, and might on occasion be expedient, to jeer at gastric optimism, or at the optimism of the faith which anticipates a happy hunting-ground, or a harem, or a harp, yet I believe that writer and readers in good health would probably each acknowledge *some* share in each of "these varieties of optimism—that of the abdomen, that of faith (or hope), and that of reason. Most will offer some measure of some sort of assent to the optimism of faith as expressed by Socrates—"To the good man no evil thing can happen."

If I may be allowed yet another array of terms, I will name these three varieties of optimism, according to their origin, *sensory optimism, emotional optimism, rational optimism.*

Let us now attempt another classification, according to the measure of optimism. Obviously this classification will include various beliefs which may be referred, in their origin, to one or all of the causes named.

We must begin with the most thorough-going optimism—to which alone the term can properly be applied: for all the others are no more than greater or less degrees of meliorism. This, then, I take it, is the most universal form of the doctrine which used to be known as universalism, and which teaches that there is an eternally happy future *for all men*. [It is interesting to observe that modern theological teaching seems to be tending towards this position. I knew a child who was officially taught that though there is a hell, yet there is probably no one in it but Judas Iscariot.] But the most universal form of Universalism would extend its optimism to every sentient thing: "admitted to that equal sky, his faithful dog shall bear him company." The broken bird whom Mr. Thomas Hardy has described as crawling away to die, with the "sportsman's" missile in its soft tissues; the albatross shot by the ancient mariner; the coster's donkey—all alike are to be recompensed, and much more than recompensed. No pang of pain, no distress of mind or soul, ever felt by any sentient thing, since the dawn of sentience, but shall be paid for with "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." This alone can literally be called optimism. The next approach to it is Universalism proper, which postulates salvation and compensation for all men, just and unjust—but not for a "missing link," an ape, a bird, a kitten, or a worm. Whether these doctrines are sensory, emotional or rational in origin the reader will consider.

Pope, who has already given me one quotation, will

serve to illustrate another form of optimism. [One must use the word despite its inaccuracy.] This teaches that all partial evil is universal good: "One truth is clear, whatever is, is right." This, as Dickens somewhere remarks, involves the assertion that nothing that ever was, was wrong. Perhaps that is not a very profound criticism; but, at any rate, here is another variety of optimism well defined. A variant of it, much more poignant and affecting in expression, as well as more philosophic and intelligible, is to be found in Browning's "Abt Vogler": "There shall never be one lost good"; "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" This, I think, is more in consonance with the teaching of evolutionary science than is Carlyle's "The great soul of the world is just;" or the vague corresponding line from the "Essay on Man,"—"All Discord, Harmony not understood." If we hear only discord and are racked therewith, what avails it to us that some one may be listening to the music of the spheres? Whereas Browning teaches that the Discord is the condition of the Harmony. Pope's lines, indeed, are more ponderous than weighty.

Browning's sublime lines naturally suggest another variety of optimism of which we may regard Leibnitz as a type, with his "best of all possible worlds." This, of course, did not mean, as is sometimes thought, that no improvement on this world is conceivable; a doctrine which, like the most universal Universalism, would indeed be properly entitled to be described as optimism. Leibnitz by no means meant to deny the existence of any kind of evil: his conception was nearer Browning's. Given certain conditions inherent in things—by whom given, we are not told—the Deity has done his best. This may be a vale of tears, but that is not the Deity's fault—no more could fairly have been expected of him in the circumstances; this is the best world that was possible. Doubtless we can imagine a better, but if we remember how seriously he was handicapped, we must admit that he is not to blame. The reader will acquit me of any intention to be irreverent; and perhaps he will agree that so puerile a conception of the Eternal is as well and seriously met by ridicule as by ostensibly serious argument. This saying of Leibnitz excellently illustrates the result of trying to trim Truth to the taste of theologians. Nowadays we are hardly likely to worship, in place of the Unconditioned Condition of All things, a supposititious person who is conceived as "making the best of a bad job."

From these and many other variants of so-called optimism we pass by slow degrees, through such opinions as that which belittles present and personal evil by saying "it will be all the same a century hence," to attitudes which are optimistic only in so far as they repudiate explicit pessimism. Language is plainly in need of a word which shall express the doctrine that good and evil are balanced or that "things might have been better and might have been worse"—an opinion which is usually, and most improperly, regarded as optimistic, as if any denial of pessimism were optimism; but at present we ask whether a man is an optimist or a pessimist, as if there were no choice save between two antithetic superlatives.

After this attempt to classify the varieties of opinion usually called optimistic, first according to their genesis, and secondly according to their measure, it remains to be considered what measure of rational optimism or meliorism may be based upon scientific considerations. We must ask ourselves whether all forms of optimism, even though digestive or emotional in their origin, are not in some measure their own justification; and whilst attempting to discount the bias of health towards "looking on the bright side of things," we must inquire into the truth of such sayings as that "the darkest hour comes before the dawn," and that "when things are at their worst they begin to mend." Last we must ask whether the true rational optimism is not, "whatever is, is right"—but, "whatever is wrong may be righted."

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

"L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE," BY CLAUDE DEBUSSY

ON April 1 the Queen's Hall might not inaptly have borrowed the title of Erckmann-Chatrian's fascinating story, and called itself "La maison forestière," so subtly did the spirit of a vernal nature's solitudes dominate its musical atmosphere. On that afternoon the first half of an interesting programme began with Mendelssohn's delicate overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and ended with the prelude "L'après-midi d'un Faune," by Claude Debussy.

The works of this young French composer are comparatively little known here, with the exception of a few charming songs and one or two weird and tortuous piano-pieces. In the latter M. Debussy's methods forcibly bring to mind those of his compatriot Fauré, of whom Leschetizki once remarked that, if he simply wanted a glass of water, he would apparently be forced to twist himself backwards, clasp it with contorted wrist, slide it over one knee, under the other, round the waist, beneath the arms, up the back, past the ears, and so to his lips, changing hands a dozen times on the way. Debussy is however a composer of renown in his own country, where, besides an orchestral suite and a quartet for strings, he produced in 1892 at the Opéra Comique an opera entitled "Pelléas and Mélisande," which excited much furious dissension among the critics of the day. The merits or demerits of this opera cannot be discussed and determined here; we prefer to judge M. Debussy by his orchestral prelude "L'après-midi d'un Faune," which certainly claims for its author one of the first qualifications of an artist, namely the power of creating atmosphere.

The prelude, which we are told has as its basis a poem of Stéphane Mallarmé, representing the meditations of a faun resting at sultry noon in thick woodland shades, is in fact no more than a musical study in suggestiveness. A few scattered lines of Mallarmé's are given in the analytical notes, to illuminate the languorous and nebulous atmosphere of the music itself. We read that

"the Faun meditates on the nymphs he has pursued, some of whom were 'cold as a fountain in tears,' while others were dissolved in sighs. He dreams of 'the thicket bedewed with the chords' of his pipes, of the 'horizon not ruffled by a wrinkle,' and of the 'Sicilian borders of the peaceful pool,' silent beneath the 'flowers of dancing light,' while everything 'burns beneath the tawny hour.'"

He dreams that under

"the shadow of Etna he holds in his arms Venus herself. Then he abruptly breaks off, for punishment will surely follow such presumption. The soul, vacant of words, and the heavy body slowly succumb to the haughty silence of midday. Without delay I must sleep in forgetfulness of this blasphemy."

M. Debussy illustrates the wanderings of his Satyr's mind in five themes, which we may compare to five green woodland paths, subtly interwoven and leading us through solitude on solitude of mysterious enchantment. It is perhaps regrettable that the first theme, given out primarily by the unaccompanied first flute, should be unmelodious, and more suggestive to the ear of the "colt-like whinny," bursting from evil shapes, in Tennyson's "Simon Stylites," than the "wild thrilling liquidity of dewy piping" of which Keats sang in cadences of unsurpassed felicity. The honey-throated Sicilian poet of olden day, praying to the Muses: "Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay!" would, we imagine, have been considerably startled by some of the flute-playing extemporised by a modern Gallic Pan. This is perhaps the chilling effect of more Northerly breath on Southern inspiration, for Keats himself invokes the god as a "Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds," and furthermore describes him as sitting through "whole solemn hours" to hearken "the dreary melody of bedded reeds"—by which illusion we mean no disrespect to Mr. Wood's orchestra, be it understood. But in their

imaginative conception of the sylvan deity M. Debussy's ideas coincide rather with those of Theocritus, than Keats. To the French composer, as to Theocritus, he is the lumbering being, half-god, half-beast, horned, bearded, and limbed like a goat, leering of visage, bestially passionate, divine only in his supremacy over rural things. Theocritus, through his shepherd, fears the rage of Pan "who always sleeps at noon." Debussy's Faun in his drowsy hour, meditates on the "victims that have escaped him;"—"the god pursuing, the maid pursued" stamp a Swinburnian emphasis on his complex rhythms; one is vaguely conscious that through the composer's visions of flying, floating nymphs, his sympathies cry out with Tennyson's Lucretius: "Catch her, goat-foot!" In a sense seeing how deeply an erotic spirit flavours literature in France, it is not surprising that some of it should find its way into her national music. But in point of truthful suggestion, how much nearer the real spirit of nature are Keats' lines in the famous hymn to Pan, already quoted:

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of Heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal."

The italics are ours.

Or let us consider that masterpiece of antique art, the Faun of Praxiteles, as it stands among the cold immortalities of the Capitol—a piece of crystallised movement, radiating sunshine and memories of golden hours from its yellowing marble,

"as if the substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. Here are no goat-legs, no horned and bearded face, disfigured by a detestable leer."

"It is," says Hawthorne, "the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side, in the other he holds a fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument. His only garment, a lion's-skin, with the claws upon the shoulder, hangs half-way down his back, leaving his limbs and the entire front of the figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvellously graceful. . . ."

Here is the god indeed, as he stood upright beside the brook Molpeia, with a pipe of young green rushes cut from its crystal eddies in his hand, his hair waved by woodland winds above those pointed ears—ears, as we would fain believe, grown long through listening to the ground, rather than indicative of animality in this fresh and joyous creature. He is nearly naked as a type of unabashed innocence, and has shouldered a lion's skin to signify dominion over forest beasts.

It is related of Praxiteles that he once invited Phryne to choose among his works. Anxious to discover which he himself thought finest, she caused him to be falsely informed that his studio was on fire, upon which the sculptor immediately called out: "Save my Faun, and my Eros!" Eros has since disappeared, but the Faun remains, to the eternal glory of Greek art. And so it is with the Greek myths in general. Many have perished, but in sculpture, in literature, in music, above all in human thought, the Faun survives. There was in our midst, a few years ago, a young American dancer who frisked her way not only into fashion, but into fame, by her marvellous representation of one of these beings, as suggested by an early Italian picture. The very spirit of unfettered Nature leaped in her fantastic steps; her movements, extraordinarily graceful, and all copied from wind-blown boughs, flowing rivulets, the flight of a bird, a swaying flower, were animated apparently by the most gleeful irresponsibility—she seemed neither wholly human, terrestrial, or divine, but a blend of all three. The Faun again. Alone of Greek deities he preserves his immortality through the eternal suggestiveness of Nature in her solitudes. Is it we, or is it Pan himself who follows those mysterious paths, leading to secret brakes, in which all lovers of the soil delight?—paths whose dewy branches still seem to hold the dawn at noon. Who does not know them? And who, when alone pacing their loneliness, is not haunted by dreams of unseen, unknown

presences, and yearnings to give these mystical impressions concrete shape? Beauty ever whispers to us thus.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,"

cries Omar Khayyam,

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Beside me, singing in the wilderness—
O wilderness were Paradise enow!"

The word "thou" is here addressed to a human love. But we may make the same invocation in spirit, to the spirit, which, singing beside us in the wilderness, turns that wilderness into Paradise. "And thou!—and thou!" cries Debussy's Faun, to the nymphs that evade his clasp in turn, till at last quitting one elusive shape for another, he dreams that he holds in his arms the archetype of all loveliness—Venus herself. And there thought fails him. He sleeps.

We prefer not to take the voluptuous suggestions of the French music and poem too literally. Let us rather believe they represent the noble impulses of human nature towards Nature in her veils—mysterious impressions of that divine passion of being, underlying her seasonable manifestations, towards which our own being leaps and is baffled; as a sudden gush of scent from a hyacinth rushes out under pressure of unknown influences, and is as suddenly arrested and dispersed. "Conceptions" that evade us "to the very bourne of Heaven" indeed!

Yet, however elusive she seems, Nature holds one gift in reserve for her pursuers—the gift of fame. Perishable as is her vesture, those who have touched the hem of her garment are consecrated unto immortality. The old myth of Pan and Syrinx justifies itself even in this workaday world. We hope that Claude Debussy, who, in company of his Faun, has made Sicilian thickets his own, will one day find that, along with Theocritus, with Praxiteles, with the great body of poets, and the rarer and beloved pastoral writers of our own time, he too has pursued an immortal being, and behold, as he touches it, it turns to a flowering laurel in his hands.

E #

CORRESPONDENCE

MONTCALM AND WOLFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your notice of the third edition of "the Fight with France for North America," your reviewer speaks of my defence of Montcalm's immediate attack on Wolfe as something novel and untenable. On the contrary, it has been a matter of open discussion ever since the "Battle of the Plains" was fought. One of Montcalm's obvious reasons, namely, that Wolfe would entrench himself and draw further men, guns and supplies from the fleet below, he controverts by a most extraordinary suggestion, which I read over many times to be sure I read it aright: to wit—that Montcalm's Indians would have made the path up the cliff impassable! With the fleet at the foot of the cliff and the British army on the top—nay, with even the one British regiment that did remain unengaged above the Foulton while the battle was fought, how could any sharpshooters, much less Montcalm's not very numerous or enthusiastic Indians, quietly take and keep a position enabling them to fire on the path? I confess to utter mystification, and indeed comment would seem superfluous.

However, fully admitting that Montcalm's action is a matter of old contention, which I endeavoured to approach with the modesty becoming a civilian, and nothing but a knowledge of the ground and the circumstances of the opposing armies to guide me, let us see what the latest and most exhaustive accounts of this immortal struggle say.

Major Wood is a soldier and a resident in Quebec. He has had the advantage of many recent disclosures, to say nothing of an intimacy with Dr. Doughty, who recently

published a six-volume work on the siege. He is also President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. In his lately published "Fight for Canada," half of which is occupied by the Quebec campaign, he has this to say about Montcalm's decision:—

"The unanimous opinion, then, was in favour of an immediate attack, and even though the infantry advance should not be prepared by the 25 guns, as it should have been, this decision was undoubtedly the right one. Indeed there was no choice at all. For with a hostile fleet on the St. Lawrence above Quebec and a hostile army on the promontory itself, the French position was quite untenable. And as famine was imminent, prompt action was necessary. Nor was it of any use to wait for Bougainville, because whatever might be gained by this would be counterbalanced by the additional strength of the British position."

Your reviewer is of course entitled to the other point of view, but his argument against the main part of ours is incredible, and his presentment of my view as original and even eccentric would rather argue an aloofness on his part from the mass of work and criticism that has been expended on this famous exploit, and a lack of knowledge of the ground. Regarding the term "Wolfe's infantry," your Reviewer would probably find, throughout the book, the expression: "Wolfe's Grenadiers," or "Wolfe's Artillery," not used in the particular sense he applies to it. And, moreover, there is a full account of Howe's initiative in light infantry matters—to which he apparently alludes—on page 237.

A. G. BRADLEY.

[Our reviewer writes in reply: "Mr. Bradley supports his contention by references to authorities; may I do likewise? I can claim no knowledge of the ground, as Mr. Bradley can do; but I can claim an acquaintance with the work of the best military history of the present day, Mr. Fortescue's *History of the British Army*—a book from which it would appear that Mr. Bradley has kept aloof. If I was under a misapprehension about "Wolfe's Light Infantry" I apologise: I find a page with that heading, on which is described the formation of a corps of light infantry, and in view of Mr. Bradley's letter I confess that the page now becomes meaningless to me. There is, no doubt, if the author says so, another, and a hidden, meaning in the page from which the reviewer had better remain aloof."]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The ACADEMY of to-day refers in two interesting paragraphs to the impending sale of Walter Savage Landor's villa outside Florence. They speak of his residing in it from 1829 to 1859, occasionally. Poverty, or as the ACADEMY writer puts it "his unfitness for family life" drove him "to take refuge in apartments in Florence, where he remained until his death."

Desirous of marking these "apartments" by a *Memorial Tablet*, certain Englishmen and Americans in the 'eighties consulted Henry Savage Landor (the Tibet traveller) for information concerning the exact house and locality. Except his vague notion that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Church of the Carmine, our united efforts altogether failed to identify the "apartment" hallowed by the last hours of this great if eccentric character.

I received long afterwards a letter from Henry Savage Landor; but never acquired further satisfactory notice of the special knowledge sought for through his instrumentality, which remains, as far as I possess any clue, buried for all our time in complete oblivion.

The ACADEMY relates that Ralph Waldo Emerson once "found the gigantic schoolboy in a cloud of pictures at his villa." I am unable to fix the particular year when Emerson visited Florence, but in 1870 or 1871 I spent a memorable and exclusive evening alone with the eminent American philosopher at an hotel situated in Santa Lucia, Naples, where he alighted for a few hours before embarking for Egypt with an invalid lady, I believe, his daughter.

April 8,

WILLIAM MERCER.

ENGLISH WORDS ON THE CONTINENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent H. E. F. is inaccurate. In both French and Italian *raid* means "raid"—*incursion*, *incursione* are its correct synonyms. The term was adopted in French military circles at the time of the American civil war, when Mobsby's guerillas and other wandering bands left no doubt as to what a raid was. Later, its use slumbered, and the event which gave the word life and popularity on the Continent was the Jameson incident. Before that, the use of the term was as uncommon as it has become general since. Of late years its meaning has been extended. First it was employed to describe long-distance cavalry races—imitation raids—and now it is applied even to cycling events. The somewhat naïve suggestion that "raid" is, in fact, nothing but the English word "ride" hardly needs confutation. The proper French pronunciation is not "ra-id" but "rèd"—quite different from our English "ride," quite similar to our "raid." Nor is it used to signify any kind of ride, but only that kind of ride which resembles a raid. Has H. E. F., or any other correspondent, ever heard a Frenchman propose to take a "raid" in the Bois de Boulogne?

It is as well that the matter should be cleared up, because many Frenchmen and Italians, as well as Englishmen, are ignorant of the precise *provenance* of the word. Littré, Hatzfeld and Darmesteter, Edgren, Boiello, and, in brief, nearly all editors of French dictionaries, omit it. In the latest edition of "Larousse," however, the matter is definitely dealt with.

THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

- The Masterpieces of Rembrandt*. Brimley Johnson. 6d. net.
Chaffers, William. *Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate*, illustrated with revised tables of annual date letters employed in the Assay Offices of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to which is added a History of l'orfèvrerie Française. Ninth edition, extended and enlarged, and with the addition of 266 new date letters and marks, and a bibliography edited by Christopher A. Markham. Reeves & Turner, 21s.
The Connoisseur's Library. General Editor, Cyril Davenport. Heath, Dudley.
Miniatures. Methuen, 25s. net.
De Sélincourt, Basil. *Giotto*. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.
Little Books of Art. General Editor, Cyril Davenport. *Illuminated Manuscripts*. By John W. Bradley, with twenty-one illustrations. Methuen, 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Sherard, Robert H. *Oscar Wilde: The Story of an Unhappy Friendship*. Greening, 5s. net.
Robertson, John M. *Chamberlain: A Study*. Watts, 6d.
Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. *A Mother of Caesars: A Sketch of the Life of Marie Feodorovna, wife of Paul I., and Mother of Alexander I. and Nicholas*. Murray, 12s.

DRAMA.

- Lange, M. R. *Yseult: a dramatic poem*. Digby Long. 2s. 6d. net.
L'Avocat Patelin. A Comedy in Three Acts. Adapted by the Abbé Brueys from the famous farce of the fifteenth century, and performed at the Théâtre Français in 1706. Translated by Samuel F. G. Whitaker. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil. A Comedy in Five Acts. Adapted by I. M. Pagan from "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens. Dent, 1s. net.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Finnemore, John. *The Story of the English People*. Illustrated. (Black's School Text-books. 1s. 4d.)
The Royal University of Ireland: Examination Papers, 1904. A supplement to the University Calendar for the year 1905. Dublin: University Press.
Morgan, R. B. *Introductory Mathematics*. With over 100 Diagrams. Blackie, 2s.
Robinson, Alice J. *English Language Notes and Home Work*. Blackie, 6d.
Dumas, Alexandre. *Adventures in Switzerland*. Edited by Alexander Wright, M.A. Blackie's Little French Classics, 4d.
Blackie's English School Texts. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. *Macaulay's Second Chapter. Plutarch's Life of Alexander*. 8d. each.
Jones, W. H. S., M.A. *The Teaching of Latin*. Blackie, 1s. net.
Atkins, H. G., M.A. *German Exercises*. Specially arranged to accompany the Skeleton German Grammar. Blackie, 1s.
Tucker, M. A. *Murray's History of England, an outline History for middle forms*. Murray, 3s.
Payen-Payne, De V. *French Idioms and Proverbs. A Companion to Deshambert's "Dictionary of Difficulties"*. Nutt, 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

- Mitford, Bertram. *A Frontier Mystery*. White, 6s.
 "Rita." *Queer Lady Judas*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Gay, Nowell. *A Foe in the Family*. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Dean, Ellis. *A Raw Probationer*. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Cattieuchlan. *Jack Verschoyle's Wife: an Antiquated Novel*. Gay & Bird, 6s.
 Oppenheim, E. Phillips. *The Master Mummer*. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Ward, Lock, 6s. (See p. 420.)
 Sims, George R. *Li Ting of London, and other stories*. Chatto & Windus, 1s. and 1s. 6d.
 Fitzroy, Isobel. *A Quixotic Woman*. Murray, 6s.
Fiends and Angels: a story of the living dead. Stockwell, 5s.
 Chesson, Mrs. W. H. (Nora Hopper). *The Bell and the Arrow: an English Love Story*. T. Werner Laurie, 6s. (See p. 420.)
 Roberts, Morley. *Captain Balaam of the "Cormorant," and other Sea Comedies*. Nash, 3s. 6d.
 Crawford, E. (Mrs. J. A. Crawford). *Sorreltop*. Drane, 6s.
 Schreiner, Olive. *Dreams*. New Edition. Unwin, 1s. net.
 Cahan, A. *The White Terror and the Red: A Novel of Revolutionary Russia*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Ward, Elisabeth Stuart Phelps. *Trixy*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Swan, Annie S. *Christian's Cross, or Tested but True*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Courlander, Alphonse. *Seth of the Cross*. Nash, 6s.
 Herbertson, Jessie Leckie. *The Stigma*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Wood, Michael. *The Fire of the Rose*. St. Mahel Workshop, Bushey, Herts, 6d.
 Tolstoy, Leo. *Resurrection*. Translated by Louise Maude. Complete and final revision. Constable, 2s. 6d.
 Hewlett, Maurice. *Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World*. Macmillan, 6s. (See p. 419.)
 Gunter, Archibald Clavering. *The Conscience of a King*. Illustrated by Archie Gunn. Ward, Lock, 6s.
 Brown, Vincent. *The Disciple's Wife*. Duckworth, 6s.
 Marchmont, Arthur W. *A Courier of Fortune*. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. Ward, Lock, 6s.
 Kelly, M. Harding. *Showing the White Feather*. Drane, 3s. 6d.
 Raine, Allen. *Hearts of Wales*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Gorky, Maxim. *The Outcasts, and other Stories*. Second impression. Unwin, 1s. net.
 Wells, H. G. *A Modern Utopia*. Chapman & Hall, 6s. (See p. 414.)
 Wilson, Mary J. *The Knight of the Needle Rock and his Days, 1571-1606*. Elliot Stock, 6s.
 J. G. P. *Tales from Spain*. Greening, 6s.
 Houmas, Mount. *A Dreamer's Harvest*. Greening, 6s.
 Fitz-Gerald, S. J. Adair. *Fame the Fiddler: A Story of the Stage*. Cheap edition. Greening, 6d.
 Sykes, J. A. C. *The Macdonnells*. Heinemann, 6s.
 Merriman, Charles Eustace. *A Self-Made Man's Wife. Her Letters to Her Son: Being the Woman's View of Certain Famous Correspondence*. Illustrated by F. T. Richards. Putnam, 6s.
 Driscoll, Clara. *The Girl of La Gloria*. Illustrated by Hugh W. Ditzler. Putnam, 6s.
 Pemberton, Max. *Mid the Thick Arrows*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Stewart, Charles D. *The Fugitive Blacksmith*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Warden, Florence. *The Youngest Miss Brown*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
 Harrod, Frances. *The Taming of the Brute*. Methuen, 6s.
 Dodd, Catherine I. *A Vagrant Englishwoman*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
 Ransome, Arthur. *The Stone Lady. Ten Little Papers and Two Mad Stories*. Brown, Langham, 2s. 6d. net.

GARDENING.

- My New Zealand Garden*. By a Suffolk lady. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

- Godard, John George. *Racial Supremacy, being studies in Imperialism*. Simpkin Marshall, 6s.
 Cadogan, The Hon. Edward. *Makers of Modern History: Three Types, Louis Napoleon—Cavour—Bismarck*. Murray, 8s. net.
 Murray, Rev. James, M.A. *Life in Scotland a Hundred Years Ago, as reflected in the Old Statistical Account of Scotland, 1791-1799*. Second edition. Gardner, 3s. 6d. net.
Transactions of the Glasgow Archaeological Society. New Series. Vol. V. Part I. Glasgow: MacLehose.
 Caggese, Romolo. *Un comune libero alle porte di Firenze nel secolo XIII (Prato in Toscana) Studi e Ricerche*. Florence: Seeber, 4 lire.
 Mariéjol, Jean H. *Histoire de France depuis les origines jusqu'à la Révolution*. Tome Sixième. Partie II. Henri IV. et Louis XIII. (1598-1643). Paris: Hachette.
 Scott, Charles Newton. *The Age of Marie Antoinette*. Revised edition. Simpkin, Marshall.
 Lamprecht, Karl, Ph.D., LL.D. *What is History? Five Lectures on the Modern Science of History*. Translated from the German by E. A. Andrews. Macmillan, 5s. net.
Indexes of The Great White Book and of The Black Book of the Cinque Ports. Elliot Stock.

LITERATURE.

- The Oxford English Dictionary*. A new English Dictionary on Historical Principles: founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. REE-REIGN, Volume VIII. By W. A. Craigie, M.A. Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom, Second Series. Vol. XXV. Asher.
The Lord's Prayer in five hundred languages. Comprising the leading languages and their principal dialects throughout the world, with places where spoken. With a preface by Reinhold Rost, C.I.E., LL.D., Ph.D. New and enlarged Edition. Gilbert & Rivington.
 Trench, Richard Chenevix. *English, Past and Present*. Edited with Emendations by A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. New Edition. Routledge, 2s. 6d.
 Ochsenbein, Dr. Wilhelm. *Die Aufnahme Lord Byrons in Deutschland und sein Einfluss auf den jungen Heine*. Bern: Francke.

- Herford, C. H. *Robert Browning*. Blackwood, 2s. 6d.
 Krans, Horatio Sheafe. *William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival*. Heinemann. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. 1s. 6d. net.
 Brunetière, Ferdinand. *Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique (1515-1830)*. Tome premier: de Marot à Montaigne (1515-1595). Deuxième Partie. La Pléiade. Paris: Delagrave, 2 f. 50 c.
Arquivo Bibliográfico da Bibliotheca da Universidade de Coimbra. Publicacao Mensal. Vol. V. Nos. 2 and 3. Coimbra: Imprensa da Universidade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Scharlieb, Mary, M.D., B.S. *The Mother's Guide to the health and care of her Children*. Routledge, 1s.
The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. IX. Funk & Wagnalls.
 Macnamara, Dr. *School-Room Humour*. Arrowsmith, 1s.
 Barrett, C. R. B., M.A. *The History of the Society of Apothecaries of London*. Illustrated by the Author. Elliot Stock, £1 1s. net.
 Hirst, Francis W. A. *Preface to the Budget: how to save, how to spend, how to tax*. Alston Rivers, 1s. net.
 Cochrane, Charles H. *Modern Industrial Progress*. With numerous illustrations. Lippincott.
 Carpenter, Edward. *Prisons, Police and Punishment. An inquiry into the causes and treatment of crime and criminals*. Fifield, 2s. net.
The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1905. S.P.C.K., 3s.
 Hancock, H. Irving. *The Physical Culture Life: A Guide for all who seek the Simple Laws of Abounding Health*. Putnam.
 Collins, F. Howard. *Author and Printer. A Guide for Authors, Editors, Printers, Correctors, and Typists. An attempt to codify the best Topographical Practices of the Present Day*. Frowde, 5s. net.

MUSIC.

- Daly, William H. *The Concert-Goer. A handbook of the Orchestra and Orchestral Music*. Paterson.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- Step, Edward, F.L.S. *Wild flowers month by month in their natural haunts*. Illustrated from Photographs depicting the various flowers as they are found growing. In 12 parts. Part I. Warne, 8d. net.
 Snell, F. C. *The Camera in the Field: a practical Guide to Nature Photography*. Unwin, 5s.
Garden Colour. Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle. *Summer*, by E. V. B. *Autumn*, by Rose Kingsley. *Winter*, by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, &c., &c. Notes and Water Colour Sketches by Margaret Waterfield. Dent, 21s. net.
 Simpson, A. Nicol, F.Z.S. *Familiar Scottish Birds*. Gardner, 2s.

ORIENTAL.

- De Sacountala d Griselda: Le plus ancien des contes Aryens*. Rome: Forzani.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Perrin, Raymond St. James. *The Evolution of Knowledge: A Review of Philosophy*. Williams & Norgate, 6s.

POETRY.

- Wilcox, Dora. *Verses from Mt. riland*. Allen, 2s. 6d. net.
 Rudland, E. M. *The Love of H. oise and Abelard*. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.
 Binyon, Laurence. *Penthesilea*. Constable, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 412.)
 Borrow, George. *Wild Wales: People, Language and Scenery*. Lane, 1s.

POLITICAL.

- Townsend, Meredith. *Asia and Europe*. New edition. Constable, 5s. net.
 Jebb, Richard. *Studies in Colonial Nationalism*. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.
 Chesterton, Cecil. *Gladstonian Ghosts*. Brown, Langham, 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

- The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. Translated by George Long. With an essay by Matthew Arnold. Bell, The York Library, 2s. and 3s.
The Decamerone of Giovanni Boccaccio. Faithfully translated by J. M. Rigg. With an Essay on Boccaccio as man and author by John Addington Symonds. *The Heptameron, or Tales and Novels of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre*. Translated by Arthur Machen. With an introduction. Routledge; Early Novelists, edited by E. A. Baker. 5s. net each.
The Novels of the Sisters Brontë. In ten volumes. Jane Eyre. Dent, two vols., 2s. 6d. each.
 Thackeray, William Makepeace. *Roundabout Papers*. With an introduction by Charles Whibley. *Poems by John Milton*. With an introduction by Walter Raleigh. Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. Blackie, Red Letter Library, 2s. 6d. net. each.
 Carlyle, Thomas. *Heroes and Hero Worship*. Allenson, 6d.
 Langland, William. *The Vision of Piers Plowman*. Done into modern English by Professor Skeat, Litt.D. The de la More Press, 1s. 6d. net.
The Simplification of Life. From the writings of Edward Carpenter. Selected by Harry Roberts. The Vagabond's Library, No. III. Treherne, 1s. 6d. net.
The Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants. Bijou size. Eyre & Spottiswoode.
 Carlyle, Thomas. *Sartor Resartus. Heroes and Hero Worship*. Allenson, 6d. each.
The Dream of the Rood. An Old English Poem attributed to Cynewulf. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
 Hazlitt, William. *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal. Translated from the text of M. Auguste Molinier. Bell, The York Library, 2s. net.
 A Kempis, Thomas. *The Imitation of Christ*. The Astolat Press, 3s. net.
 The Works of Shakespeare. *The Merchant of Venice*. Edited by Charles Knox Pooler. Methuen. The Arden Shakespeare, 2s. 6d. net.
 The Poems of Lord Tennyson. *English Idylls and other Poems, In Memoriam. Idylls of the King*. Vols. I. and II. *Maud, and other Poems*. Heinemann. "Favourite Classics." 6d. net per volume.

SCIENCE.

- Tuckwell, J. H. *Miracle and Law: a Study in Scientific Religion*. Fowler, 6d. net.
- White, George. *A Practical Course of Instruction in personal Magnetism, Telepathy and Hypnotism*. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.
- Heath, Thomas Edward. *Our Stellar Universe*. A Road-book to the Stars. King, Sell & Olding, Knowledge Office, 5s.
- Henry, James, and Hora, Karel J. *Henry and Hora's Modern Electricity: A Practical Working Encyclopedia and Manual of Theories, Principles and Applications*. Hodder & Stoughton.

SOCIOLOGY.

- Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Vol. XXII. *The Historical Development of the Poor Law of Connecticut*, by Edward Warren Capen, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. London, P. S. King, 12s. net.
- Stepniak. *The Russian Peasantry. Their Agrarian Condition, Social Life and Religion*. New Edition. Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.
- Ingram, John K., LL.D. *The Final Transition: A Sociological Study*. Black, 3s. 6d. net.
- Towards a Social Policy, or Suggestions for Constructive Reform*. By various writers. Alston Rivers, 1s. net.

SPORT.

- Sheringham, H. T. *An Angler's Hours*. Macmillan, 6s. net. (See p. 416.)
- Vaile, P. A. *Swerve, or the Flight of the Ball*. Illustrated by explanatory Diagrams. Tamblin.

THEOLOGY.

- Worship Song with accompanying tunes*. Edited by W. Garrett Horder. Novello, 5s.
- Smyth, William Woods. *Divine Dual Government. A Key to the Bible, to Evolution, and to Life's Enigmas*. Marshall, 6s.
- Flint, Robert, D.D., LL.D., &c., Emeritus Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. *On Theological, Biblical and other subjects*. Blackwood, 7s. 6d.
- The Library of Liturgy and Ecclesiology. Edited by Vernon Staley, Provost of the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Inverness. *Ordo Romanus Primus*. With introduction and notes by E. G. Cuthbert F. Atchley, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. The de la More Press, 7s. 6d. net.
- Robertson, F. M., of Brighton. *Eleven Sermons*. Second Series. Allenson, 6d.
- Wright, Rev. T. H. *The Shrine of Faith. Our Lord's Human Experience*. Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.
- Oxford Bijou Edition of the Gospels*. Henry Frowde.
- Sime, James. *Samuel and the Schools of the Prophets*. The Temple series of Bible Handbooks. Dent, 9d. net.
- Christian Missions in the Far East*. Addresses on the subject delivered by the Right Rev. H. H. Montgomery, D.D., and Eugene Stock, Esq. S.P.C.K., 6d.
- The Law of the Concordat* (Loi du 18 Germinal, An. X, April 8, 1802) Translated with Introduction and Notes by L. G. Wickham Legg, M.A. "The Church Historical Society." S.P.C.K., 4d.
- Holy Week in Jerusalem in the Fourth Century*. Being a translation of the portion of the "Peregrinatio Etherie (Silvie)" printed in Mgr. Duchesne's "Christian Worship." S.P.C.K., 4d.
- Purves, The Rev. Peter Charles. *The Divine Cure for Heart Trouble, and other Sermons*. Dent.
- Skrine, John Huntley. *The Christ in the Teacher*. Four Addresses given in the Chapel of Keble College, Oxford, January 14th and 15th, 1905. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. net.
- The Creed of Christ*. Lane, 5s. net.
- Souter, Alexander. *A Study of Ambrosiaster*. Vol. VIII. No. 4 of "Texts and Studies." Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net.
- Momerie, Alfred Williams, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D. *Belief in God*. Cheap edition. Allenson, 6d.
- Momerie, A. W., M.A., D.Sc., LL.D. *Immortality: A Series of Thirty-five Chapters*. Cheap edition. Allenson, 6d.
- Welsh, R. E., M.A. *In Relief of Doubt*, with Introduction by the Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, D.D., Bishop of London. New edition. Allenson, 6d.
- Robertson, F. W., of Brighton. *Eleven Sermons. Ten Sermons*. Cheap editions, 6d. each.
- Warschauer, J. *Anti-Nunquam: An Examination of "God and My Neighbour"*, with a Prefatory Note by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Cheap edition. Allenson, 6d.
- Millard, Benjamin A. *The Quest of the Infinite, or the Place of Reason and Mystery in Religious Experience*. Allenson, 3s. 6d.
- Fairweather, Rev. W. *The Pre-Exilic Prophets*. Dent. Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks. 9d. net.
- Powell, Helena L. *Religious Teaching in Schools*. A Paper read before the Cambridge District Association of Church School Managers and Teachers, February 4th, 1905. Macmillan & Bowes, Cambridge, 3d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Hart, Jerome. *Two Aragonauts in Spain*. New Edition. Longman, 5s. net.
- Thirlmere, Rowland. *Letters from Catalonia and other parts of Spain*. Hutchinson, two volumes, 24s. net.
- Ward, John, F.S.A. *Our Sudan, its Pyramids and Progress*. Murray, 21s. net. (See p. 421.)
- Ward, H. Snowden, and Ward, Catherine. *Shakespeare's Town and Times*. Second edition. Dawbarn & Ward, 6s. net.
- Rome*. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Text by M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malle-son. Black, 20s. net.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

QUERIES

THE WILLOW.—In Hebrew the willow, or *salix*, is named "oreb," a word equating the Latin *arbor*, and rendered as "trees" in the "P.B." version of Psalm 137, 2. No doubt the willow is meant (see Isaiah 44, 4): "Willows by the water-courses"; but the very pathetic poetry of the Book of Psalms

states that the exiles hung their "harps upon the willows." Now the *salicacea* are trees or shrubs; here a solid tree, German Säule, or pillar, would be needful to suspend the harps; Hebrew Kinnor put in the plural, it being a portable instrument, perhaps of guitar fashion. As to the shrub willow, or *osier*, take Shrewsbury to whit, from scrub or scrobber-berie; a mere "scrub" such as we see by English water-courses utilised for palm-branches at Easter-tide; such plants would not sustain a quantity of such musical *plant* when they rested to weep; whence we derive our idea of a "weeping willow" from sympathy, called *salix* "babylonica;" but the white willow is a large timber-tree, and the allied "poplars" do run high.—A. Hall.

JOLLY.—Although we are apt to look upon the use of this word in some of its conjunctions as slang, yet very good authority for it is to be found in a serious theological work of two hundred and fifty years ago, namely John Trapp's *Commentary on the Old and New Testament* (London, 1656-7), in which this quaint expression appears: "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." This seems quite a modern application of the word. Are there any other like instances?—L. L. R.

O PHYSICS, BEWARE OF METAPHYSICS!—In Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (Miss Martineau's translation), vol. 1. p. 266, it is said that this was "a favourite saying" of Sir Isaac Newton. Can this be verified in any way? Is there any authority whatever for the assertion?—W. M. T.

AMAZON STONES.—According to Humboldt, the South American traveller, these stones are scarcely distinguishable from Persepolitan cylinders or seals. They are said to be longitudinally perforated and covered with inscriptions and figures. Are any of these stones to be seen in England, and in what modern books of travel, or otherwise, is reference made to them? I can find no trace of these Amazon stones at the British Museum.—W. M. T.

TO CRY ROAST MEAT.—In Charles Lamb's essay on "Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago," he tells the story of a Blue-coat boy who kept a donkey on the leads of the dormitory which he fed upon bread extracted from forty of his schoolfellows. "This game went on for better than a week; till the foolish beast, not able to fare well, but he must cry roast meat. . . . What does this mean?—J. H. D.

ELIA'S "QUAINT POETESS."—In Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," the following lines are quoted by "a quaint poetess of the day," descriptive of a penniless boy eagerly devouring a book at a stall, and being ordered by the owner to put the book down because he never purchased anything:

"You Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."

Who was the "quaint poetess"?—B. W. W.

ANSWERS

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—This poem was republished in 1819 by the Rev. R. Harvey. Forty-six out of the eighty-six stanzas are to be found in T. H. Ward's "The English Poets," vol. iii. (Addison to Blake), published by Macmillan. See also Chalmers' "English Poets," vol. xvi.—H. E. J. (Narberth).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—This is to be found in Nichol's "British Poets," vol. 42 of the series; vol. iii. of the "Less-known" poets. It has eighty-six six-lined stanzas, portions of which, says the Editor (George Gilfillan) "a Milton or a Shakespeare has never surpassed."—S. W. G.

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—This poem was reprinted in 1901 by Mr. Elkin Mathews in his *Shilling Garland*. My copy is from the library of the late Professor F. York Powell.—A. R. Bayley (Malvern).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—An edition of Christopher Smart's "A Song to David," edited by Mr. J. R. Tait and containing the complete poem with notes, was published in 1898 by Wm. Andrews and Son, 5 Farringdon Avenue, E.C. The poem has been frequently reprinted. It was printed in its entirety in the earlier editions of Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," and is given with the omission of a few verses in the new edition. It is to be found in a somewhat more abridged form in Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song," in Mr. Quiller Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse," and in other collections. See Chambers' "Cyclopedia of English Literature," vol. ii, and the "National Dictionary of Biography," for further information.—M. A. C. (Cambridge).

SMART'S "HYMN TO DAVID."—*Litterateur* (Sunderland) will find a complete copy of Christopher Smart's "Hymn to David" in Chambers' "Encyclopaedia of English Literature," vol. ii. p. 474. Judging from the length of the poem it is hardly possible that it could have been "written with a key on the walls of a cell."—E. Enid Lloyd.

ELDER.—See Professor Skeat's edition of "Piers Plowman," B text, Passus I., lines 67, 68:

"Iudas he iaped with iuuen siluer,
And sithen on an eller bonged hym after,"

and Professor Skeat's notes on this passage.—H. E. J. (Narberth).

MONARCH OF THE NORTH.—See "Piers Plowman," B text, Passus I., line 118: "Ponam pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo," an inexact quotation of the Vulgate Isaiah xiv. 13, 14, and Professor Skeat's notes. Lucifer, who presided over one of the ten orders in heaven, became proud (moody) and said that he would sit in the north part of heaven, and be equal to the Almighty. Compare Milton, "Paradise Lost," v. 775-760:

"At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal seat,

The palace of great Lucifer."

See also Skelton's "Colin Clout":

"Some say ye sit in trones

Like princes aquilonis."

See also the Anglo-Saxon poem called "The Fall of the Angels" (once attributed to Caedmon), v. 29, 30:

"Cwaep paet hine his hige spēne
paet hē west and norþ, wyrcan ongunne."

H. E. J. (Narberth).

PROPERTY has its duties, &c. On the authority of Mr. Friswell, this saying may be attributed to Lord Mulgrave, who whilst Lord Lieutenant of Ireland dictated it to his secretary, Mr. Drummond, in a letter to a Welsh friend. Its occurrence in a letter from Captain Thomas Drummond is no doubt a mis-statement of the above. Nevertheless it is doubtful whether the apophthegm, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," is an original remark of Lord Mulgrave; something very nearly akin thereto is, if I mistake not, to be found in Plato, although I cannot quote chapter and verse.—J. M. C.

(ACADEMY MODEL)

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